

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 640.—30 AUGUST, 1856.

From The Dublin University Magazine.  
DANIEL DE FOE.

Few lives have been more active, and more fruitful of results, than was that of Daniel De Foe. He was a hero, from the days he left school at Newington, till he died, full of years and worn by poverty. But he had to share the fate that many not less noble men had experienced before and have toiled under since his time. His heroism was misunderstood. His moral constitution, like his wit, was beyond his era, and he was doomed to undergo the ill as well as the good of that fortune. Enemies hated him, and friends mistrusted him. In his life he without doubt knew many who admired him, like honest Dunton, for his honesty, his subtlety, his daring, and his perseverance, but very few were the educated men who sincerely wished him well. He has been dead over a hundred and twenty years, and has now plenty of defenders, — Hazlitt, Lamb, Forster! What living (much more dead) man can want more applauders? We may wonder if, in the unknown land, he takes pleasure in thinking how he has been righted. Perhaps he looks on and says, "I knew it would be so;" or may be he mutters, "a pity these pleasant compliments did not come a hundred and fifty years sooner—at Guildhall and St. James'."

Daniel De Foe was born in 1661, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His grandfather was a substantial yeoman at Elton, rich enough to keep hounds. His father carried on the degrading vocation of a butcher. So did Wolsey's father. Mrs. Nickleby asks how this comes, whether there may not be something in the suit. The butcher, however, did his utmost to be a good man; he was a rigid dissenter, and died rich.

Daniel was early indoctrinated into the religious principles of his parents, by the presbyterian Dr. Annesley, the ejected parson of Cripplegate. It was a common thing in that age for clergymen to relinquish their benefices rather than act against conscience, and their doing so was held as a matter of course; but now such a divine is a rarity, and newspapers enlarge on him as a miracle of probity.

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This good doctor inspired his pupil with no little fervor for the gospel. A panic spread amongst God-fearing nonconformists that the arm of the law would strip them of their Bibles; so, forthwith, all the country over, there were simple families hard at work making copies of the Scriptures, so that if the printed word should be taken from them, they might still have the blessed books in manuscript. Little Dan, then quite a child, copied out the whole of the Pentateuch, and then — stuck fast. Poor little Dan! Cannot one see at this day his inked finger-nails, and imagine how his wee hands ached? Perhaps, moreover, when the young scribe stopped, and said he *could not* go on further, Pastor Annesley reproved him and called him *lukewarm*!

At fourteen years of age, Daniel De Foe (or Foe as he was then called), entered the once famous dissenting academy at Newington; and after four years' study left that nursery by no means a good classic — which of course he would have been had he been educated at Oxford.

At twenty-one years, he dipped his pen in the ink, and sat down to do battle. The title of his book ran, "Speculum Crapegownorum; or, a Looking-glass for the young Academicks new foyled, &c. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergie. London: 1682." Roger L'Estrange, who was the author of the "Guide to the Inferior Clergy," was deeply obliged by the attention. "O, pray, don't mention it," Daniel replied, "one good turn deserves another."

This was in 1682. Richard Steele and Addison were respectively about eleven and ten years of age.

In 1685, Charles II. died. By this event De Foe was doubtless not a little affected. A clear-headed, sagacious young man, of pure manners, and enthusiastic for religious liberty, was unlikely to cherish a lively affection for a perjured rōué. Doubtless when he read Mrs. Behn's elegy on the sainted Charles, he formed a due estimate of its merits.

'Tis June, 1685. King James and non-resistance have scarcely been preached up in

the London pulpits, when the Duke of Monmouth lands at Lyme in Dorsetshire. In the Duke's army is Daniel Foe. Anything to knock down the enemies of religious liberty.

That contest ended in favor of the worse side; and the land was *chastened* and *corrected* for its impiety, by its divinely appointed ruler. Daniel Foe escaped to the Continent. Where he went, one cannot exactly say. But he was, ere he died, what was accounted in those times a very travelled man, being familiar with France, Germany, and Spain. On returning from foreign lands, which he did after an absence of not many months, he either commenced or resumed business as a hose-factor, in Freeman's-court, Cornhill. His political enemies deemed this a highly contemptible proceeding. What, sell stockings behind a counter! Pope and Gayshuddered at the thought; Swift, who had never occupied a position lower than that of a menial in a great man's house, gave a grin of contempt; and a pack of ignorant rogues, who tried to cover their moral turpitude under the name of literature, and who had not among them a decent pair of stockings, wrote ungrammatical doggerel on the hose-factor's degradation. De Foe, probably only out of pure mischief and just to give his pursuers the slip for a few seconds, replied, "But, I don't sell stockings. You're in the wrong, gentlemen; I am not so base a thing as a retail dealer, but a negotiator between the manufacturer and the small merchant." "Just hearken to him," exclaimed the gentlemen who a day before had said anybody ought to blush to deal in stockings, &c., "just hearken to him! The man is ashamed of his calling." It was also about this time De Foe put the prefix of De before his name. What led him to do so it would be hard to say. Probably he fancied De made Foe sound prettier. This step again brought on him a vast amount of ridicule; although it was then the custom for gentlemen to alter the spelling of their names, to put in an *a* or take it out, just as the whim took them. We could point to many unaffected and honorable gentlemen of that time, who changed from one mode of spelling their names to another, much in the same way as they might take a new wine into favor for habitual drinking.

In 1688, he becomes a liveryman of London.

In 1688 also, other events, almost as important, take place. William the Third lands, and James, king of England, *jure divino*, runs away. The young London trader was up again. On to the death for freedom of thought! He was one of those who guarded William at Henly, and in 1689 he rode amongst the guard of honor who surrounded William and Mary when they paid a visit to the city. The great William had a cordial admiration for his sagacious, active, and truly noble subject. The hose-factor participated largely in the secret councils of his sovereign, and was honored with employment on more than one important service.

Just about, and for some time after the revolution, Defoe resided at Tooting, where he was surrounded with the signs of prosperity, and moreover kept his coach. At Tooting he exerted himself successfully to bring the dissenters of the place into a regular congregation. At this period of his life he was involved in commercial affairs — as a city-man on Cornhill, as a Spanish merchant (or pedlar, as his opponents suggested), and as a large proprietor in the tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury, Essex. The exact points of time when he entered into these two latter speculations cannot be fixed.

Severe reverses in business soon befel him — from what cause it cannot be said, but certainly not from want of industry on his part. In 1692, he failed; and retired to Bristol to be for a while out of the way of his creditors. It is by the world's treatment of a man when in adversity that we best see some features of his character. Creditors neither are nor ever have been a very merciful class of men; but Defoe's, so high a sense had they of his honor, took his personal security for the amount of composition on his debts. But being *legally* freed from liabilities was with Defoe very different from being *morally* liberated. A large portion of his laborious existence was devoted to discharging debts from which his composition had in the eye of the law absolved him. No less a sum than £12,000, earned by continued labor, did he thus pay away.

From 1695 to 1699 he had the post of accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty.

In the January of 1701, appeared one of his most famous productions, "The True-born Englishman," a satire of the first order

of merit. Rugged the verse is without doubt, but the language is as manly as the sentiment, and the sarcasm is sharp as a needle, pierces to the marrow, and then burns like caustic.

It has been said that the two first lines of a poem will usually show whether it is worth reading. The two first of "The True-born Englishman" are —

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there."

Let the reader continue, — or rather, with the poem before him, let him discontinue reading if he can. Many couplets will cling to the least tenacious memory; — such as

"Great families of yesterday we show,  
And lords whose parents were, the Lord knows who."

The poem sold rapidly. The author published nine editions, and it was issued to the world twelve times without his concurrence. Of the cheaper numbers 80,000 were sold. Englishmen learned, and with fair grace acknowledged the truth of the lesson, that their national extraction, instead of being pure, was obscure and confused in the extreme. Never again were Dutchmen sneered at for not being true-born Englishmen.

In March, 1702, the great King William died. Times were now to change. Intolerant churchmen were to gain a passing ascendancy, and conscientious dissenters were to be persecuted. At this crisis Defoe sent forth his most notorious, and, perhaps, his most brilliant political pamphlet — the "Shortest way with the Dissenters; a Proposal for the establishment of the church. London: 1702." Those who have studied the powers of irony displayed in this and other similar writings of Defoe, will not, however much they continue to admire Gulliver's Travels, be inclined to rate the Dean's irony as pre-eminent for originality. But irony is a dangerous weapon to use. What with fools who cannot, and rogues who will not understand, it too frequently wounds him who wields it not less than those against whom it is employed. "But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, — and that knaves will not," said Eugenius to Yorick. Sound churchmen were delighted with the barbarous proposals, found in "the shortest way," for the treatment of non-con-

formists; grave clergymen said the book ought to be bound with the sacred Scriptures. The dissenters were not less affected — but in a different way; in the anonymous author of the tract they saw only a blood-thirsty foe. At last the secret was discovered; — the churchmen were furious at the blow they had received, so deeply humiliating to them as Christians and people of intelligence; the dissenters were far from being pleased — they could not forgive their advocate the possession of talents so superior to their own; and they never ceased to remember with bitterness the ridicule they had incurred by being hoaxed by their own hoax. But though the churchmen were the laughing-stock of all but their own partisans, they were powerful, and had the means of vengeance in their hands. Let us read the *London Gazette*, Jan. 10th, 1702-3:

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, alias De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;' he is a middle-sized, spare-man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's-yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex: whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her Majesty's justices of the peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid on such discovery."

Defoe having disappeared from the storm, the bookseller and printer were taken into custody. On this, the author surrendered himself into the hands of the Philistines. On February 24th, 1703, he was indicted for *libelling the Tory party*, and he was tried at the Old Bailey in the following July; he was found guilty, and the sentence was, that he should pay 200 marks to the Queen; stand three times in the pillory; be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure; and find sureties for his good behavior for seven years.

It may not be omitted, moreover, that the House of Commons, February 25th, 1702-3, resolved with regard to "The Shortest Way," "that this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this parliament, and

tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, to-morrow, in New Palace-yard." Poor book! Poor honorable members! They little thought what was the principal thing that fire destroyed!

Let us now read the *London Gazette*, No. 3,936, Thursday, July 29th, to Monday, August 2nd, 1703:—"London, July 31st. On the 29th instant, Daniel Foe, alias, De Foe, stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, as he did yesterday near the conduit in Cheapside, and this day at Temple-bar," &c., &c. But to the great mortification of enthusiastic admirers of religious intolerance, the mob did not annoy this hose-factor when exposed in the pillory, but closing round him protected him from all annoyance, sang his songs in compliment to him, drank his health, and pelted him—not with rotten eggs, but with flowers. Really and truly, the House of Commons, and all the bigoted ecclesiastics of the kingdom, were the ones pilloried, and not the courageous writer. Pope wrote in the *Dunciad*:

"Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe."

But the poet lived to repent the line, and to learn (to use the happy words of an eminent author) that in attempting to murder he had committed suicide. Swift named Defoe as "the fellow that was pilloried: I forget his name:" but a cruel punishment was in store for that selfish, bad, dishonest man. The martyr himself wrote, while in Newgate, an ode to the pillory, containing the following lines:

"Hail! hi'roglyphick state machine,  
Condemned to punish fancy in:  
Men, that are men, can in thee feel no pain,  
And all thy insignificance disdain.  
Contempt, that false new word for shame,  
Is without crime an empty name—  
A shadow to amuse mankind,  
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind:  
Virtue despises human scorn  
And scandals innocence adorn."

This trial stripped Defoe of £3,500, again reducing him, with a wife and family, to penury. But while in prison he worked hard. The greater the difficulties around him, the greater became the man. He commenced his newspaper, "the *Review*," the parent of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Rambler*. At first it only came out twice a week; but soon an additional weekly number was added.

Of this periodical, Defoe was the sole writer. In prison and out of prison, in sickness and health, he supplied the papers; an unparalleled instance of industry! But this was only a portion, and a small one, of his toil. Besides "the *Review*," which lasted for thirteen years, no less than one hundred and eighty-three separate works—poems, novels, political essays, histories, and expositions of moral questions—unquestionably came from his pen; and fifty-two more are, with sufficient reason, attributed to him. But a change in his lot is at hand.

In 1704, he is released from prison by the influence of Harley.

In 1705, he is sent abroad by Harley on a secret mission.

In 1706, he makes the first of a series of visits to Scotland, to negotiate and forward the Union: in bringing about which admirable measure he was mainly instrumental.

In 1708, he entered Godolphin's service—that is, he remained in the Queen's with Harley's warm approval.

Again he is indicted for writings, the only fault of which was, that they were addressed to blockheads and dishonest men. Again he has to pay dear for his indulgence in irony. He is fined £800 and thrown into Newgate. But after a few months' confinement, he is released, November, 1713.

In July, 1714, Anne dies; and with her death, a pension Defoe had received for his services in Scotland ceases.

In 1715, Defoe retired from political life, and took his farewell to party-strife in "an Appeal to honor and justice, though it be of his worst enemies. By Daniel De Foe. Being a true account of his conduct in public affairs. London, 1715." While he was employed in revising the work, he was struck with apoplexy.

But soon the lion-hearted man revived, and he was at work again with his pen.

In 1719 (when the author was fifty-eight years of age) appeared *Robinson Crusoe*.

From his retirement from the arena of politics, history says little of him, save that which his immortal works tell us. In 1724 he was living in opulence and with dignity, at a house in Church-street, Newington, which is at the present day an object of curiosity, as having been the residence of the celebrated writer and patriot. He was then a hale, hearty old gentleman,—distressed

certainly by bodily ailments, but with a vigorous intellect, and a heart kindly as ever. It was about this time that one Thomas Webb wrote:—"And poor distressed I, left alone, and no one to go and speak to, save only Mr. Defoe, who hath acted a noble and generous part towards me and my poor children. The Lord reward him and his with the blessings of the upper and nether spring, and with the blessings of his basket and store."

A fresh reverse comes. And in 1730, the aged Defoe is in a debtor's prison.

Yet another blow;—the steel enters to the heart. His son, in whom he trusted, dishonors his name! Let us read Defoe's letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Baker, the celebrated naturalist:

"Dear Mr. Baker,—

"I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the 1st, but not come to my hand till the 10th; where it had been delayed I know not, as your kind manner, and kinder thought from which it flows (for I take all you say as I believe you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without guile) was a particular satisfaction to me: so the stop of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, and every relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

"I am sorry you should say at the beginning of your letter you were debarred seeing me. Depend on my sincerity for this: I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in *tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy that has broken in upon my spirit; which, as she well knows, has carried me on through greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a very heavy weight of illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, nothing but this

has conquered or could conquer me. *Et tu, Brute.* I depended upon him—I trusted him—I gave up my two dear, unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms—what he is bound under hand and seal, and by the most sacred promises, to supply them with—himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity; I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother: and if you have anything within you owing to my memory, who have bestowed on you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel; but that they will indeed want, being too easie to be managed by words and promises.

"It adds to my grief that it is so difficult to me to see you. I am at a distance from London, in Kent; nor have I a lodging in London, nor have I been at that place in the Old Bailey since I wrote you I was removed from it. At present I am weak, having had some fits of a fever that have left me low. But those things much more.

"I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land here is no coach, and I know not what to do.

"I would say (I hope) with comfort, that 't is yet well. I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble: be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy, by what way soever I please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases. *Te Deum laudamus.*

"It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath.—Your unhappy

D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,  
Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1730."

The brave old man's work was almost accomplished. His sufferings were at their bitterest; but, thank God! near their termination.

To the very last he appears to have exerted himself. At the close of 1729, he was engaged on a work of imagination, sending revised sheets to his publisher, asking pardon for a delay in returning them, caused by "exceeding illness," and promising to be prompt with the remainder. There is no evidence that this last effort was ever published. The manuscript is in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner, of Suffolk.

On April 24, 1731, he was taken by death in Ropemakers'-alley, Moorfields, in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate—the same parish in which he first drew the breath of life. Whether he expired in a decent lodging, or in a dismal garret—whether alone, or tended in his last moments by his wife and children, it is impossible to say. The Parish Register contains the fullest account extant of his interment:—"1731, Daniel Defoe, gentleman. To Tindall's (Lethargy). April 26." Tindall's was the general burial-ground for Dissenters.

A twinge shakes the nerves as we read that ambiguous word *gentleman*. It is such a pretty title to give Daniel Defoe.

The man who, when a beardless youth, saw the truth, and fearlessly declared it—who risked his life for what he felt to be his duty—who fought zealously, and without fainting, for freedom, and was, without doubt, an instrument in the hands of Providence for the preservation of our national religion—for in those days of peril, when the weight of a feather would at times have turned the balance in favor of Romanism, Protestantism was guarded not by the Anglican priesthood (for they betrayed her), but by the great champions of spiritual freedom, the Nonconformists—the man who labored effectually in consolidating the sister countries of England and Scotland; who was the cause of innumerable social reforms, amongst which the removal of the abuses of the sanctuary at Whitefriars (Alsatia), and the Mint, may be mentioned; who raised his voice against the cruelties of slavery, devised schemes for the amelioration of the poor, and continually urged that woman, so formed by nature to elevate man, should be raised from the depths of ignorance, which was her lot in most cases;

the man who tried so many fields of literature, and gained distinction in them all; he who, honorable, singlehearted, fierce in the day of battle, was worthy the regard and confidence of England's last great king, William III.—was Daniel Defoe, gentleman!

Not many insights do we get into Defoe's domestic life. He was married twice; firstly, to Mary; and, secondly, to Susannah, but the maiden surname of neither is known. In the year 1706, he had seven children; but in 1707, his daughter Martha died. One son, Daniel Defoe, emigrated to Carolina, carrying with him, as his father's representative, a liberal contribution to that stock of Anglo-Saxon intellect (or *true born English!*) that has made our Trans-atlantic cousins (of whom we are so naturally proud) a nation beloved and honored wherever our common tongue is spoken. Another son, Bernard, took the name of Norton, and was mentioned by Pope in the "Dunciad." He was editor of "The Flying Post," and was the author of "A Complete Dictionary, by B. N. Defoe, Gent., 1735," a "Memoir of the House of Orange," and "The Life of Alderman Barber." The daughters managed to recover their property from their despicable brother, and settled comfortably in life—Hannah as a maiden lady, Henrietta as the wife of a gentleman of condition. Sophia's (Mrs. Barker's) son lived to be the author of "The Companion to the Play-house." A great grandson of Defoe was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 2, 1771; and another great grandson was, in 1787, cook on the *Savage* sloop-of-war. These two last, we may presume, were the descendants of the wretch who, whilst "living in a profusion of plenty," allowed his mother and sisters to be in want! From this branch came "the poor descendant from Defoe," to support whose old age there has lately been an appeal to the charitable in the columns of the *Times*.

In what estimation are we to hold Defoe as a writer of fiction? And for what is the English novel indebted to him? The latter question can be answered in a few words and with great precision. Defoe brought into the domain of imaginative prose-writing graphic descriptions of scenes, events and mental emotions, and quick, pointed conversations.

Colonel Jack, a poor miserable little beggar boy (if miserable may be applied to an urchin with good health and spirits) comes into pos-

session of £5 as his share of a plunder he has achieved with another and an older lad. Hear his story :

"Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was gold, all but fourteen shillings; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas in that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me, so I could not go; so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout; in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so put my money in again."

The boy carries the money to his lodging and lies down to sleep, with his hand, clutching it, thrust into his bosom.

"Every now and then dropping asleep, I would dream that my money was lost, and start up like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had the money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and, this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches."

When day came, he wandered towards Stepheny, turning in his mind what he should do with his wealth; and at last sitting down and crying in his perplexity. Then he rises and goes in search of a tree to hide it in.

"I crossed the road at Mile End; and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal-green. When I came a little way over the lane, I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields, several trees for my turn as I thought: at last, one tree had a little hole

in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it; and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mightily well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel had fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so, that in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 't was a vast great tree.

"As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree, then up again, and thrust in my hand again, till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed violently; then I began to think I had not so much of it as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

"The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

"I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holl'd quite out aloud when I saw it; thus I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, and was from one end of the field to the other; and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost

it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again."

Jack now goes to an old clothes-shop in Whitechapel, and looks at the clothes hanging at the door.

"'Well, young gentleman,' says a man that stood at the door, 'you look wishfully; do you see anything you like, and will your pocket compass a good coat now, for you look as if you belong to the ragged regiment?' I was affronted at the fellow. 'What's that to you,' says I 'how ragged I am? If I had seen anything I liked I had money to pay for it; but I can go where I shan't be huffed at for looking.'

"While I said this boldly to the fellow, comes out a woman. 'What ails you,' says she to the man, 'to bully away your customers so? A poor boy's money is as good as my lord mayor's: if poor people did not buy old clothes, what would become of our business?' and then turning to me, 'come hither, child,' says she, 'if thou hast a mind to anything I have, you shan't be hector'd by him; the boy is a pretty boy I assure you,' says she to another woman that was by this time come to her. 'Ay,' says the other, 'so he is a very well-looking child, if he was clean and well-dressed, and maybe as good a gentleman's son, for anything we know, as any of those that are well dressed; come, my dear,' says she, 'tell me what it is you would have?' She pleased me mightily to hear her talk of my being a gentleman's son, and it brought former things to my mind; but when she talked of my being not clean, and in rags, I cried.

"She pressed me to tell her if I saw anything that I wanted; I told her no, all the clothes I saw were too big for me. 'Come, child,' says she 'I have two things that will fit you, and I am sure you want them both; that is, first, a little hat, and there,' says she (tossing it to me), 'I'll give you that for nothing: and here is a good warm pair of breeches: I dare say,' says she, 'they will fit you, and they are very tight and good; and,' says she, 'if you should ever come to have so much money that you don't know what to do with it, here are excellent good pockets,' says she, 'and a little fob to put your gold in, or your watch in, when you get it.'

"It struck me with a strange kind of joy, that I should have place to put my money in, and need not to go to hide it again in a hollow tree, that I was ready to snatch the breeches out of her hands, and wondered that I should be such a fool as never to think of buying me a pair of breeches before, that I might have a pocket to put my money in,

and not carry it about two days in my hand, and in my shoe, and I knew not how; so, in a word, I gave her two shillings for the breeches, and went over into the churchyard and put them on, and put my money into my new pockets, and was as pleased as a prince is with his coach and six horses. I thanked the good woman too for the hat, and told her I would come again when I got more money, and buy some other things I wanted, and so I came away."

Little Jack now undertakes to restore some stolen notes to their rightful owner, and get the reward of £30 offered for their recovery. The notes were stolen in the long room of the Custom-house, by a lad to whom Jack was confederate. Hear him:

"As soon as I was come to the place where the thing was done, I saw the man sit just where he had sat before, and it ran in my head that he had sat there ever since: but I know no better; so I went up and stood just at that side of the writing-board that goes upon that side of the room, and which I was but just tall enough to lay my arms upon.

"While I stood there, one thrust me this way and another that way, and the man that sat behind began to look at me; at last he called out to me, 'What does that boy do there? get you gone, sirrah; are you one of the rogues that stole the gentleman's letter-case on Monday last?' Then he turns his tale to a gentleman that was doing business with him, and goes on thus:—'Here was Mr.—had a very unlucky chance on Monday last; did you not hear of it?' 'No, not I,' says the gentleman. 'Why, standing just there, where you do,' says he, 'making entries, he pulled out his letter-case, and laid it down, as he says, but just at his hand, while he reached over to the standish there for a penful of ink, and somebody stole away his letter-case.'

"'His letter-case!' says t' other, 'what—and was there any bills in it?'

"'Ay,' says he; 'there was Sir Stephen Evans' note in it for £300, and another goldsmith's bill for about £12, and, which is still worse for the gentleman, he had two foreign accepted bills in it for a great sum, I know not how much, I think one was a French bill for 1,200 crowns.'

"'And who could it be?' says the gentleman.

"'Nobody knows,' says he; 'but one of our room-keepers says he saw a couple of young rogues like that,' pointing at me, 'hanging about here, and that on a sudden they were both gone.'

"'Villains,' says he again; 'why, what

can they do with them, they will be of no use to them? I suppose he went immediately and gave notice to prevent the payment.'

"Yes," says the clerk, 'he did; but the rogues were too nimble for him with the little bill of £12 odd money; they went and got the money for that, but all the rest are stopped; however, 't is an unspeakable damage to him for want of his money.'

"Why, he should publish a reward for the encouragement of those that have them to bring them again; they would be glad to bring them, I warrant you.'

"He has posted it up at the door that he will give £30 for them.'

"Ay, but he should add that he will promise not to stop, or give any trouble to the person that brings them."

"He has done that too," says he; 'but I fear they won't trust themselves to be honest, for fear he should break his word.'

"Why, it is true, he may break his word in that case, but no man should do so; for then no rogue will venture to bring home anything that is stolen, and so he would do an injury to others after him.'

"I durst pawn my life for him he would scorn it.'

"Thus far they discoursed of it, and then went to something else; I heard it all, but did not know what to do a great while; but at last, watching the gentleman that went away, when he was gone, I run after him to have spoken to him, intending to have broke it to him, but he went hastily into a room or two, full of people, at the other end of the long room, and when I went to follow, the door-keepers turned me back, and told me I must not go in there; so I went back and loitered about near the man that sat behind the board, and hung about there till I heard the clock strike twelve, and the room began to be thin of people; and at last he sat there writing, but nobody stood at the board before him, as there had all the rest of the morning; then I came a little nearer and stood close to the board as I did before; when looking up from his paper and seeing me, says he to me — 'You have been up and down here all this morning, sirrah, what do you want? you have some business that is not very good I doubt.'

"No, I shan't," said I.

"No? it is well if you hav'n't," says he; 'pray what business can you have in this long room, sir; you are no merchant?'

"I would speak with you," said I.

"With me," says he; 'what have you to say to me?'

"I have something to say," said I, 'if you will do me no harm for it.'

"I do thee harm, child; what harm should I do thee?" and spoke very kindly.

"Won't you indeed, sir," said I.

"No, not I, child; I'll do thee no harm; what is it? do you know anything of the gentleman's letter-case?"

"I answered, but spoke softly, that he could not hear me; so he gets over presently into the seat next him, and opens a place that was made to come out, and bade me go in to him; and I did.

"Then he asked me again, if I knew anything of the letter-case."

"I spoke softly again, and said, folks would hear him.

"Then he whispered softly, and asked me again.

"I told him, I believed I did; but that, indeed, I had it not, nor had no hand in stealing it, but it was gotten into the hands of a boy that would have burned it, if it had not been for me; and that I heard him say that the gentleman would be glad to have them again, and give a good deal of money for them.

"I did say so, child," said he; 'and if you can get them for him, he shall give you a good reward, no less than £30, as he has promised.'

"But you said too, sir, to the gentleman just now," said I, 'that you was sure he would not bring them into any harm that should bring them.'

"No, you shall come to no harm; I will pass my word for it.'

"Boy. — Nor shan't they make me bring other people into trouble?"

"Gent. — No, you shall not be asked the name of anybody, nor to tell who they are.

"Boy. — I am but a poor boy, and I would fain have the gentleman have his bills, and indeed I did not take them away, nor han't I got them.

"Gent. — But can you tell me how the gentleman shall have them?"

"Boy. — If I can get them, I will bring them to you to-morrow morning.

"Gent. — Can you not do it to-night?"

"Boy. — I believe I may, if I knew where to come.

"Gent. — Come to my house, child.

"Boy. — I don't know where you live.

"Gent. — Go along with me now, and you shall see. So he carried me up into Tower-street, and showed me his house, and ordered me to come there at five o'clock at night; which accordingly I did, and carried the letter-case with me.

"When I came, the gentleman asked me if I had brought the book, as he called it.

"It is not a book," said I.

"No, the letter-case, that's all one," says he.

"You promised me," said I, 'you would not hurt me,' and cried.

"Don't be afraid, child," says he, "I will not hurt thee, poor boy; nobody shall hurt thee."

"Here it is," said I, and pulled it out.

"He then brought in another gentleman, who it seems owned the letter-case, and asked him, 'if that was it?' and he said 'yes.'"

"Then he asked me if all the bills were in it?"

"I told him I heard him say there was one gone, but I believed there was all the rest."

"Why do you believe so?" says he.

"Because I heard the boy, that I believe stole them, say they were too big for him to meddle with."

"The gentleman, then, that owned them, said, 'Where is the boy?'"

"Then the other gentleman put in, and said, 'No, you must not ask him that; I passed my word that you should not, and that he should not be obliged to tell it to anybody.'"

"Well, child," said he, "you will let us see the letter-case opened, and whether the bills are in it?"

"Yes," says I.

"Then the first gentleman said, 'How many bills were there in it?'"

"Only three," says he; "besides the bill of £12 10s., there was Sir Stephen Evans' note for £300, and two foreign bills."

"Well, then, if they are in the letter-case the boy shall have £30: shall he not?" "Yes," says the gentleman, "he shall have it freely."

"Come, then, child," says he, "let me open it."

"So I gave it him, and he opened it, and there were all three bills, and several other papers, fair and safe, nothing defaced or diminished, and the gentleman says, 'All is right.'"

"Then said the first man, 'Then I am security to the poor boy for the money.'"

"Well, but," says the gentleman, "the rogues have got the £12 10s.: they ought to reckon that as part of the £30." Had he asked me, I should have consented to it at first word; but the first man stood my friend. "Nay," says he, "it was since you knew that the £12 10s. was received that you offered £30 for the other bills, and published it by the crier, and posted it up at the Custom-house, and I promised him the £30 this morning." They argued long, and I thought would have quarrelled about it.

"However at last they both yielded a little, and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me, he bade me hold out my hand; and he told the money into my hand; and when he had done, he

asked me if it was right? I said I did not know, but I believed it was. "Why," says he, "can't you tell it?" I told him "No; I never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money." "Why," says he, "don't you know that they are guineas?" "No," I told him; "I did not know how much a guinea was."

"Why, then," says he, "did you tell me you believed it was right?" I told him "because I believed he would not give it me wrong."

"Poor child," says he, "thou knowest little of the world, indeed; what are thou?"

"I am a poor boy," says I, and cried.

"What is your name?" says he; — "but hold, I forgot," said he; "I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me."

"My name is Jack," said I.

"Why, have you no surname?" said he.

"What is that?" said I.

"You have some other name besides Jack," says he; "han't you?"

"Yes," says I; "they call me Colonel Jack."

"But have you no other name?"

"No," said I.

"How came you to be called Colonel Jack, pray?"

"They say," said I, "my father's name was colonel."

"Is your father or mother alive?" said he.

"No," said I; "my father is dead."

"Where is your mother, then?" said he.

"I never had e'er a mother," said I.

This made him laugh. "What," said he; "had you never a mother, what then?"

"I had a nurse," said I, "but she was not my mother."

"Well," says he to the gentleman, "I dare say this boy was not the thief that stole your bills."

"Indeed, sir, I did not steal them," said I, and cried again.

"No, no, child," said he; "we don't believe you did. This is a very clever boy," says he to the other gentleman; "and yet very ignorant and honest; 't is a pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him; let us talk a little more with him." So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again.

"Well," says he, "what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?"

"I don't know," said I.

"Where will you put it?" said he.

"In my pocket," said I.

"In your pocket?" said he; "is your pocket whole? sha'n't you lose it?"

"Yes," said I, "my pocket is whole."

"And where will you put it when you get home?"

"I have no home," said I, and cried again.

"Poor child!" said he; "then what dost thou do for thy living?"

"I go of errands," said I, "for the folks in Rosemary-lane."

"And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?"

"I lie at the glass-house," said I, "at night."

"How, lie at the glass-house; have they any beds there?" says he.

"I never lay in a bed in my life," said I, "as I remember."

"Why," says he; "what do you lie on at the glass-house?"

"The ground," says I; "and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes."

"Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, 'This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself; he puts tears into my eyes;' — and into mine," says the other.

"Well, but hark ye, Jack," says the first gentleman; "do they give you no money when they send you of errands?"

"They give me victuals," said I; "and that's better."

"But what," says he, "do you do for clothes?"

"They give me sometimes old things," said I, "such as they have to spare."

"Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe," said he; "have you?"

"No, I never had a shirt," said I, "since my nurse died."

"How long ago is that?" said he.

"Six winters when this is out," said I.

"Why, how old are you?" said he.

"I can't tell you," said I.

"Well," says the gentleman; "now you have this money, wont you buy some clothes and a shirt with some of it?"

"Yes," said I; "I would buy some clothes."

"And what will you do with the rest?"

"I can't tell," said I, and cried.

"What do'st cry for, Jack?" said he.

"I am afraid," said I, and cried still.

"What art afraid of?"

"They will know I have the money."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass-house, and I shall be starved with cold; they will take away my money."

"But why must you sleep there no more?"

"Here the gentleman observed to one another, how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend those that have money. 'I warrant

you,' says the clerk, 'when this poor boy had no money, he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes, in the glass-house, as soundly and as void of care as it would be possible for any creature to do; but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes, and fear into his heart.'

"They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough; at last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frightened with having so much money, that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself; I went away, however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do; so, after rambling two hours or thereabout, I went back again, and sat down at the gentleman's door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door."

Who has read this extract without having the vision of Charles Dickens rise before his eyes?

Of "Robinson Crusoe" what necessity is there to speak? Who is not familiar with its pages? What schoolboy has not undergone a whipping for leaving his lessons unstudied while he has been sitting in the Solitary's hut, or spending an afternoon with "man Friday?" How many in the decline of life have over the leaves of that wonderful book grown young again! Charles Lamb says, "next to the Holy Scriptures, it may be safely asserted that this delightful romance has, ever since it was written, excited the first and most powerful influence upon the juvenile mind of England, nor has its popularity been much less among any of the other nations of Christendom." He might have added, "and out of Christendom too." It has been translated into Arabic; and Burckhardt "heard it read aloud among the wandering tribes in the cool hours of evening." "That island," a beautiful writer has observed, "placed 'far amidst the melancholy main,' and remote from the track of human wanderings, remains to the last the greenest spot in memory. At whatever distance of time, the scene expands before us as clearly and distinctly as when we first beheld it; we still see the green savannahs and silent woods, which mortal footstep had never disturbed; its birds of strange wing, that had never heard the report of a gun; its goats browsing securely in the vale, or peeping

over the heights, in alarm at the first sight of man. We can yet follow its forlorn inhabitant on tip-toe with suspended breath, prying curiously into every recess, glancing fearfully at every shade, starting at every sound, and then look forth with him upon the lone and boisterous ocean with the sickening feeling of an exile cut off for ever from all human intercourse. Our sympathy is more truly engaged by the poor ship-wrecked mariner, than by the great, the lovely, and the illustrious of the earth. We find a more effectual wisdom in its homely reflections than is to be derived from the discourses of the learned and eloquent. The interest with which we converse with him in the retirement of his cave, or go abroad with him on the business of the day, is as various and powerful as the means by which it is kept up are simple and inartificial. So true is everything to nature, and such reality is there in every particular, that the slightest circumstance creates a sensation, and the print of a man's foot or shoe is the source of more genuine terror than all the strange sights and odd noises in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe."

Children are charmed with the *story* of "Robinson Crusoe"; men of thought are not less delighted with the narrative, but they have recourse to it also as a book instructing them in some of the most valuable truths of philosophy. He must possess a far lower than a merely ordinary mind who leaves the perusal of this wonderful book without having acquired from it a new insight into his own nature, the means of avoiding the evil, and attaining to the good, — without having perceived how many infant faculties of his being might by training be made to assume grand proportions, and be endowed with vast strength. It is a great religious poem. It is "the drama of solitude," the object of which is to show that in the most wretched state of desertion there still remains within the human breast a power of life independent of external circumstances; and that where man is not, there God especially abides.

Why did not Defoe, with such an unexampled capability as a writer of fiction, occupy himself earnestly in his art? Why did he not expend thought, toil, and long years in elaborating two such works as "Robinson Crusoe," or the commencement of "Colonel Jack," instead of scribbling page after page, without consideration enough to avoid dull-

ness, stories replete with obscenities he must have disapproved, and nonsense that he must have grinned at with contempt even while the pen was in his hand? Foster, in his graphic and fascinating sketch of Defoe and his times, bids us remember, when judging of "Moll Flanders" and "Roxanna," the tone of society at the time of their appearance. Without a doubt, measured by the standard of the vicious literature of the Restoration and the two succeeding ages, they do not especially sin against purity of morals. But in this we cannot find a valid apology for Defoe, who, in composing them, put his hands to works that all serious men of his own religious views must have regarded with warm disapproval. Defoe was not by profession amongst the frivolous or godless of his generation; he was loud in his condemnation of the stage, of gambling, and of debauchery; he not only knew that voluptuous excess was criminal, but he raised his voice to shame it out of society, — and yet he exercised his talents in depicting scenes of sensual enjoyment, which no virtuous nature can dwell on without pain, no vicious one without pleasure. What was his motive? Money.

Drelinecourt's book of "Consolations against the fears of Death," — one of the heaviest pieces of literature religion has given to the world, (and that is saying no little) — hung on hand so that the publisher, much downcast, informed Defoe he should lose a considerable sum. "Don't fear! — I'll make the edition go off," said Defoe; and sitting down he wrote "A true relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelinecourt's book of 'Consolations against the fears of Death.'" The ghost story startled and took captive the silly people the author intended, and knew so well how to hoax. A true, *bonâ fide* ghost of a respectable Mrs. Veal had urged on mankind the study of Drelinecourt. Forthwith the publisher's shop was crowded with purchasers, and the edition rapidly left his shelves. It is strange to me how Defoe's biographer's and admirers delight in this story. It may show Defoe to advantage in an intellectual point of view, leading a crowd of John Bulls astray and all the while laughing at them;

but as a proof of his mental power such testimony is valueless because unnecessary. That Mrs. Veal's apparition was ingeniously told, no one will deny; but then it was a wilful falsehood, all the same for its cunning construction, and was framed to puff a bad book. Such a deed would aid the "Woolly Horse" and "Feejee Mermaid" in giving grace to a Barnum's life; but to think that Defoe could tell lies for a trade purpose, is more than a common pain.

And here we find the secret of this great man's shame. He was a man of somewhat expensive habits, continually entering into rash monetary speculations, and burdened with debts which *in honor* he felt himself bound to discharge. Of all men he was just the one to be called upon for large sums of wealth, and to have little in hand to meet such demands. His pen was a ready one at earning money; he could turn off any composition with facility; and as, just then, tales (highly seasoned) met with the best prices in the market, he wrote them as fast as his pen could run over the paper, and spiced them up to the palates of his employers. And what trash (dishonest quack gibberish to get pennies from the crowd) poured in unceasing flow from him, it grieves one to reflect. "The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell; a gentleman who, though deaf and dumb, writes down any stranger's name at first sight; with their future contingencies of fortune. Now living in Exeter-Court, over against the Savoy in the Strand." Mr. Duncan Campbell was the arch-impostor in the magic line of his day. All that table-turning, hat-spinning, spirit-rapping, and Mormonism are to us, was Mr. Duncan Campbell to the ad-dled-pates of his generation. At every drum in the fashionable world ladies spoke in ecstasies of "that duck of a Mr. Duncan Campbell," how he knew everything, was a medium, and a gentleman by birth, and how no one of ordinary sagacity doubted his powers. Defoe, in his "Life and Adventures," of course declared his belief in the fellow; a book exposing the man's tricks would not have sold. Steele mentioned this Campbell in the Tatler; and Eliza Heywood, (the authoress of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy," "The Fruitless Inquiry," and "Betsey Thoughtless,") wrote a work similar to Defoe's, called "A spy on the Conjuror;

Memoirs of the Famous Mr. Duncan Campbell." Have any of the readers of these pages perused Eliza Heywood's other works—her "Letters on all occasions lately passed between persons of distinction," of which Letter IV. is entitled "Sarpedon to the ever-upbraiding Myrilla," and XI. "The repenting Aristus to the cruel, but most adorable Panthea," and XLIV. "Bellisa to Philemon, on perceiving a decay of his affection?" If the ladies are ignorant of this literature, let them be advised and remain in their ignorance.

Smollett pursued a better course with regard to the "famous Mr. Campbell," in making him the object of laughter and the source of instruction to the town under the name of Cadwallader. But then Smollett was a long age posterior to Defoe.

Similar to the "Life of Duncan Campbell," was Defoe's sketch of "Dickory Crouke, The Dumb Philosopher," &c. &c. Alas! alas! and it was only for a morsel of bread.

We have stated our thanks are due to Defoe for giving the English novel, graphic descriptions, and quick, pointed conversations. In one of the qualities of a novelist he was unaccountably deficient—not even coming up to his precursor Mrs. Behn. To the construction or the most vague conception of a plot he seems to have been quite inadequate. This may be accounted for partly by the fact that, from abstaining on religious grounds from the theatres, his mind had not been duly educated in this most difficult department of his art; and partly by the rapidity with which his "histories" were evolved. Whatever may be the cause of the fault, that it exists few will be so rash as to question. All Defoe's novels, long as they are, are but a string of separate anecdotes related of one person, but having no other connection with each other. In no one of them are there forces at work that necessitate the conclusion of the story at a certain point. They meet with no mystery, no denouement in them. They go on and on (usually at a brisk pace, with abundance of dramatic positions), till it apparently strikes the author he has written a good bookful, and then he winds up with a page and a half of "so he lived happily all the rest of his days;" intermixed with some awkward moralizing by way of apology for the looseness of the bulk of the work.

For example, "Roxana" might as well have been twice or half as long as it is.

One feature more of Defoe as a novelist. May he not be regarded as the first English writer of prose-fiction who pointed out the field of history to imaginative literature? His "Journal of the Plague Year;" his "Memoirs of a Cavalier;" and "The Memoirs of an English Officer who served in the Dutch War in 1662, to the peace of Utrecht in 1773, &c. &c. By Captain George Carleton," were the pioneers of that army of which the Waverley Novels form the main body. The great Earl of Chatham used, before he discovered it to be a fiction, to speak of the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" as the best account of the civil wars extant. And of "Captain Carleton" there is the following anecdote in Boswell's Johnson. "The best account of Lord Peterborough

that I have happened to meet with is in 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs.' Carleton was descended of an officer who had distinguished himself at the siege of Derry. He was an officer, and, what was rare at that time, had some knowledge of engineering. Johnson said he had never heard of the book. Lord Elliot had a copy at Port Elliot; but after a good deal of inquiry, procured a copy in London, and sent it to Johnson, who told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but was so much pleased with it that he sat up till he read it through, and found in it such an air of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity; adding, with a smile, in allusion to Lord Elliot's having recently been raised to the peerage, 'I did not think a young lord could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me.' "

**THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.**—While we send sympathy and aid to the sufferers by these inundations, it were well if we could impress on them, and other people exposed to the like calamities, that disaster from such a cause will always be now and then occurring, where human habitations are placed in certain situations with respect to rivers. Let it be observed, there is alongside of almost all rivers a flat meadow—called amongst us in Scotland a *haugh*—which is often assumed as building-ground, from the very fact of its being so near the course of the stream, particularly where the stream is navigable, or where a bridge causes confluence of people, or from whatever other cause. Such are the sites of many of our principal British cities, or parts of them, London not excepted, where Southwark and Westminster are almost wholly on that sort of ground. Now, it is a mere tempting of Providence—a solecism—to build on such ground, and simply because it is part of the very river-channel itself. It is the winter or flood course of the river, and absolutely the product of its various inundations in the course of ages. The river every now and then rises under flood, so as to cover that ground, unless artificially confined within its usual channel. Then it is we hear of its filling streets up to the first floor, drowning cellars and kitchens, pressing back sewage-water into houses, sweeping away walls, cottages, &c., and burying gardens under mud and rubbish. The fair, but injudiciously placed

city of Perth, undergoes woes of this kind once every few years, and will ever do so, while so much of it lies on the haugh of Tay. Many pleasant towns in France are likewise so situated, and hence the late troubles, which form but an example of what is every now and then experienced in that quarter. The only way wholly to avoid such evils is to build towns on the second platform of ground bordering rivers, and never on the first; or, if they are already on the first platform, and cannot be removed, then an artificial embankment or *levée* may be available. If neither of these expedients is resorted to, let no one be so foolish as complain of the damage produced by inundations, for occasional inundations are only what he may reasonably expect. — *Chambers' Journal*.

**BLUE DEVILS.**—In an article in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* on Baron Feuchtersleben's *Principles of Medical Psychology*, showing how the mind is influenced by a mechanical calling, there is this curious sentence: "Rösch and Esquirol affirm from observation that indigo-dyers become melancholy; and those who dye scarlet, choleric. Their observation regarding indigo-dyers affords a strong confirmation of the statement of that arch-quack Paracelsus, who declared blue to be injurious." This would seem to suggest that our phrase, "the blue devils," may derive its origin from a scientific fact. — *Chambers' Journal*.

*Medieval Preachers and Medieval Preaching.* By the Reverend J. M. Neale, M. A., Warden of Sackville College.

A REMARKABLE book; chiefly valuable to clergymen of all persuasions, but not without interest to the literary student, or the thoughtful frequenter of public worship. It consists of extracts from sermons by twenty-one preachers of the middle ages, beginning with Bede and closing with Thomas à Kempis and Antonia Vieyra—the last taken for his style, since chronologically he was of a later date. These extracts are preceded by an introduction which enters into a critical and practical examination of the theme, comparing the discourses of what we are pleased to call the dark ages with the manner of the present and two preceding centuries, and assigning the palm to the mediæval preachers—1, for thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, as shown by constant quotation and reference; 2, for distinctness of aim and skilful treatment; 3, for homely plainness and dramatic effect; 4, for earnestness. In the criticisms of the writer we agree; and it might be advisable for modern preachers to take a lesson from mediæval men. They must, however, be imitated with caution, for the world now is very different from what it was then. No modern congregation would endure the description of hell torments in Bede, unless it were of the lowest and most ignorant class. The same may be said of the rough homeliness and almost vaggery in which their simplicity and wit consisted—at least as regards the Established Church and the more educated Nonconformists. The Methodists of the last century had both of these qualities, and they lasted into this century with some remarkable men—as the writer's instance of Rowland Hill. As to the advantage of attaining distinctness by singleness of subject and simplicity of treatment, we agree with Mr. Neale. — *Spectator*.

*The Stereoscope; its History, Theory, and Construction, with its Application to the Fine and Useful Arts.* By Sir David Brewster, K. H., D. C. L., &c.

A HISTORY of the theory of binocular vision, from Euclid and Galen down to Harris and Potterfield, occupies the first part of *The Stereoscope*; the object being to show that the principle was known to and demonstrated by various writers through a long succession of ages, and of course to their scientific readers; so that Mr. Wheatstone could not be entitled to the merit of the discovery. There is a shorter story of Sir David Brewster's invention of the lenticular stereoscope, told in opposition to the same gentleman's claim. The history exhibits Sir David's wide range of curious philosophical learning, and is neatly stated.

The controversial narrative is followed by a full exposition of the philosophical principles on which the stereoscope is based, a description of

the different instruments, and directions for their application. The text is copiously illustrated by cuts and diagrams. — *Spectator*.

*The Language of Specifications or Letters-Patent for Inventions.* By John Macgregor, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law.

WORSE off than the ancient mariner steering between Scylla and Charybdis is the unlucky wight who has to describe his patent; the difficulty of definition being increased by the glorious uncertainty of the law, and the capricious ruling of judges. That Mr. Macgregor's treatise on the *Language of Specifications* will enable a patentee to make assurance doubly sure, we will not undertake. When minds captious by nature, and rendered more so by training, set themselves to find objections in descriptive definitions, were certainty is all but unattainable, it may be sport to them while it is death to suitors. We cannot say that Mr. Macgregor's book will do impossibilities; but it is well arranged, clearly expressed, and full of warning. Like a chart it points out the rocks and shoals; it cannot guard the actual voyager against winds, currents, or the deviation of the compass. — *Spectator*.

*Ismeer, or Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1855.* By A Lady. James Madden.

THIS volume, written by one of the lady nurses, contains an account of the hospital at Smyrna, where her services were employed. It gives in detail the regulations of the establishment, and the various difficulties with which the nurses had to contend, all of which they seem however to have overcome with comparative ease. Notices of the most touching cases among the patients render the book interesting, and we doubt not that much of the information will be valuable to those ladies who charitably devote themselves to the care of the sick. Surgical cases being less frequent at Smyrna than in the hospitals nearer the seat of war, the experiences of the nurses will be more generally useful and applicable.

*No War with America!* By An Englishman.

WE never supposed there would be war with America; we are disposed to do much to avoid it; and on the whole we agree with the general principle of the advice given by this writer to his countrymen—namely, to interfere with Yankee extension as little as possible. We are willing enough to let America be regarded as the natural and proper field for the progress (and conquest even) of our transatlantic brethren; but we are not quite prepared to be kicked out without remonstrance or resistance as intruders, on the plea of obedience to the higher destinies of a rival. The tone of this pamphlet is too submissive, though the matter is good and well put. — *Economist*, 12 July.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

## OUR COAST.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

## I.

God bless the towers and temples,  
 And those cloud-dividing piles,  
 The heathery-mantled mountains  
 Of our green old queen of isles !  
 Yea, may God the Blessor bless them  
 When His choicest love outpours,  
 Though they be not these, the peerless,  
 That the minstrel more adores.  
 For no work of mighty Nature  
 For our wonder or our weal,  
 Nor a stone there ever tinkled  
 'Neath the craftsman's peaceful steel,  
 Could the marvel — the emotion —  
 Looking love so like devotion —  
 From the secret springs of feeling  
 In my spirit-depths command,  
 That can these, the mountain-pillars  
 Of our Dalriadan land,  
 These iron-crested sentinels  
 That guard our northern strand, —  
 That like a host of battle-fiends,  
 Or wall of wintry clouds, —  
 Save where some wizard vale or bay  
 Divides the craggy crowds, —  
 Run writhed in savage glory  
 From the Causeway's pillared shore  
 To that kingly cape of columns,  
 The sublimely dark Benmore —  
 That mock the wintry surges  
 In their hurricane career —  
 That mar the howling spirit  
 Of the lightning shaft and spear —  
 That flaunt their cloudy helmets  
 In the flashing of the moon,  
 Nor always deign to doff them  
 To the golden pomp of June.  
 'Tis the teaching of the Maker  
 Through your cold eternal stone,  
 Giant forms of that idea,  
 LET US BOW TO MIND ALONE —  
 'Tis the teaching of the Highest,  
 That his sacred will is marred,  
 When the creature, for its glory,  
 Winneth worship or reward,  
 Save the holy right of shining  
 O'er the stricken and the lone;  
 Or where all is dark, reclining  
 In a brightness not its own —  
 That the moon is for the many,  
 Not the many for the moon —  
 That thus Earth for all was hallowed,  
 And the great design but followed,  
 When the darkest soul of any  
 Hath its own peculiar June.

## II.

Bless the teachers of those tenets,  
 Be they spirit, stone, or steel, —  
 And these rocky chieftains, bless them,  
 Thou, Jehovah, where I kneel !

## III.

O ! ye high and heaven-crowned ones, —  
 Not a world of kingly gems  
 Could my soul so God-enkindle  
 As your craggy diadems.  
 Mighty fruits of Mind gigantic,  
 Grizzled, gloomy, and sublime,  
 Like to priestly watchers waiting  
 For the dying shrieks of time,  
 Watchers of the world's supernal,  
 Peerless, priceless priests are ye,  
 Tempest-shorn and dew-anointed,  
 Foamy-robed and God-appointed,  
 Sandaled with the blue, eternal,  
 Dazzling desert of the sea !  
 Ah ! they're more than priestly lessons,  
 Preached in more than pulpit tones,  
 Where your mountain-limbs are rooted —  
 Where the baffled billow groans —  
 Where the coast-born peasant ponders,  
 Backward as the waters roll,  
 Till your iron self-dependence  
 Sheathes his roughly-noble soul;  
 For as e'en the bard inspired  
 Through the sunlight of his song  
 Poureth but the tints of visions  
 That his soul hath walked among —  
 But the grossness or the glory,  
 Amid which his spirit swimmeth,  
 Ever growing black or beauteous  
 As the dark or light he hymneth, —  
 So the mass of mind is modelled  
 By the forms on which it rests.  
 And a tone and color taketh  
 From its softener-coming gusts.  
 Yea, as river-roads are fashioned  
 By the water's rush and whirl,  
 While their tinge and taste are taken  
 By its sweeping crest and curl,  
 As it onward, ever, ever  
 Maketh, taketh foul or fair,  
 Until neither bed nor river  
 May its first or fount declare, —  
 So is formed the mental channel  
 By the might of sight and sound,  
 So is tinged the moral current  
 By what eye and ear have found, —  
 Until, from its race of ages,  
 Rolling basely or sublime,  
 It revealeth less our Adam  
 Than the accidents of time.

## IV.

Then, how few might be Earth's shadows  
 On the moral current here,  
 Where young Beauty chaseth Beauty  
 Through and through the ringing year !  
 Happy, happy, peer or peasant,  
 Whose it were to ever be  
 By the creamy, creeping border  
 Of this fair, mysterious sea —  
 Where these shoreward-stealing waters  
 Many-tinted fringes weave :  
 As their foamy flowers are scattered  
 By the wanton breeze of eve —

All his spirit gleaming sweetness  
Through a wild and dewy eye,  
From the broad and burning roses  
On the golden isles of sky.

## V.

By the white wave eastward wending  
From the Causeway's columned shore—  
Gloom and glory round us blending,  
Crag o'er crag to God ascending  
From the wild-sea's whirling roar,  
Through five lingering leagues or more,  
Fixed in lowly, holy bending,  
Worship we as heretofore  
By this altar huge and hoar,  
Wonders wild, and far-extending,—  
Darkly solemn—self-defending,  
With our inmost soul contending,—  
'T is thy forehead, blue Benmore !

## VI.

Ah ? ye strangely warm and zealous  
For the holy day of rest,  
Say ye, also, when ye tell us  
Of each scathing curse addressed  
To the Seventh-day profaner,  
Whether he, the stern abstainer  
From all touch that might defile,  
Were the loser or the gainer,  
Were in Heaven's frown or smile,  
Should he shun the city's leaven  
For a Sabbath on these sands,  
Where to wander is to worship—  
Yea, to know the King of Heaven  
Through the glory of his hands ?

## VII.

I've adored the God of nature—  
Yea, the universal Lord,  
In the closet, at the altar,  
On the sea, and on the sward ;  
And I stood beneath these pillars—  
'T was a Sabbath morn in May,  
And I felt—ah ! who can tell it ?  
Never, never lips of clay !  
'T was that heaving heart-devotion  
That hath neither sigh nor pray'r,  
But a swelling and a rushing  
In the inmost spirit, where  
Ten thousand springs were gushing  
It had ne'er been dreamt were there ;—  
And the on and upward springing  
Of a faint and dreamy ringing,  
As if of the passions singing  
Through each fibre of the brain,—  
The battle-ground of many thoughts  
That reeled and wheeled again ;  
Then seethed in rushing roll,  
Like fire-drops through the soul,  
With a wildly-winning pain ;  
Then a gazing up to heaven  
Seeming less in life than death,  
'Mid a quickening of the pulses,  
And a shortening of the breath ;  
Then a bending towards the sod—

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Sighing, "light enough is given—  
Let us bow before our God !"  
O ! beneath the proudest altar  
Consecrated to his name,—  
Though I might have felt his presence,  
I could ne'er have felt the same  
As between those warring waters  
Where our northern land is lost,  
And that pillared pile, the glory  
Of old Dalriade's coast.

## VIII.

There is grandeur in your city,  
Where the sculptured columns soar,  
And the sea of human beauty  
Heaveth, heaveth evermore.  
There is grandeur in yon mountain,  
When beneath the burning West  
Ten thousand tiny torches  
At as many pearly porches  
O'er that mountain's heathery breast  
Flash and twinkle—flash and twinkle,  
As the dying day-beams sprinkle  
Their red life-drops o'er its crest—  
O'er that showery, flowery crest ;  
While the rosy vapor, rising  
Round the tomb of Light supernal,  
Floats and tinges—floats and tinges  
Feathery clouds with snowy fringes,  
Till they meet the musing eye,  
Like the locks of the Eternal  
On that silvery waste of sky.  
There is grandeur—there is grandeur  
When the red sun disappears,  
And the mourning face of heaven  
Waxeth bright with starry tears.  
Yea, above, below is grandeur,  
When the dazzling day comes down,  
Till each distant atom sparkles  
Like some passing seraph's crown.  
There is grandeur in the valley,  
When along the shores of light  
Floats a sea of twilight vapor,  
Till the pine grove, tall and taper,  
Wears the gloom of coming night ;—  
And the silent blast descendeth,  
Swimming, skimming thro' the haze,  
Till the tasselled grass-stalk bendeth  
As if trodden by your gaze ;—  
While across the ripening meadow  
Fleeth shadow after shadow ;—  
Gloomy spirits seem they passing,  
O'er the sward their sadness tracing,  
Where each unseen light-foot plays.  
O ! there's beauty—O ! there's beauty,  
Seek we, turn we where we will,—  
But a vision haunts my spirit  
Of sublimer beauty still.  
Be it mine to live and listen,  
Where the stormy echoes ring,—  
When the angel of the tempest  
O'er these waters flaps his wing ;  
And the waves, like white-robed choristers,  
Wild hallelujahs sing,—  
Wild hallelujahs utter,  
Or their deeper worship mutter

To the All, of all revered,  
Underneath each kindly column  
Nature-chiselled,  
Stark and grizzled,  
Of the stately, stern and solemn,  
Huge and mystic, wild and weird,  
Caverned, clouded, cleft and seared  
Temple of the Form of wonder,  
By the mystic sons of thunder  
Amid storm and darkness reared.

### UNDER THE MOON.

#### I.

Under the moon as the twilight breeze  
Ripples the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voices that float through the  
night:  
Under the elm row misty and dark  
Murmurs of melody rise from the bank,  
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp!  
Hark! 'mid the foliage blossomed with June  
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

#### II.

Under the moon in the village street  
Gossiping groups in the shadows meet;  
Seated at dusky doorways there  
Red-lipped maidens taste of the air:  
Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,  
Blue as the beautiful summer skies;  
Whispering now of their flatteries sweet,  
As autumn's fruitage dropp'd in the heat;  
Until they cadence a trembling tune,  
Soft as their pulses, under the moon.

#### III.

Under the moon on the cool sea-shore  
The wind walks over the spacious floor,  
Kissing the snowy bosom'd sails,  
Daintily dipping through azure vales,  
And over the crisp foam bearing along  
The musing mariner's midnight song;  
As by the rising helm with hands  
Lit in the compass lamp he stands,  
Thinking of those he left at noon,  
Sad on the green shore under the moon.

#### IV.

Under the moon by the dusty road  
Pace we on to the old abode;  
Over its sycamore'd roof and walls  
The listless splendor floating falls;  
Peering into the casement nook,  
Piled with many a brown old book:  
Spirits are they whose pages teem  
With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream;  
Spirits amid whose silence soon  
Our own shall slumber, under the moon.  
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

T. J.

### THE SNOW-STORM.

#### I.

What angel is passing from heaven,  
With her white robes trailing thro' air —  
Cold, as the form whence the spirit is driven —  
Pale, as the face of despair?

#### II.

Child of the air and the sky,  
With a cloud she wreathes her brow,  
While her white foot falls as silently  
As a vision's tread on the earth below.

#### III.

See! her foot gleams white on the mountain  
As it rests on its earthward flight!  
See! she melts in the arms of the fountain  
As daybeams dissolve into night!

#### IV.

O'er the forest she throws a diamond shower,  
O'er the ash, and the fir, and the wild rose-  
tree;  
With elf-woven domes she roofs the bower  
Where sleeps the young anemone.

#### V.

Silent she moves as the soul of the dead;  
With a quiet touch of her magic wand  
She binds the green moss in a silver thread,  
Like a fanciful work of fairy-land.

#### VI.

She comes, like a thought of bygone love,  
In the winter of hope descending,  
When the blossom we loved is blooming above,  
And sorrow our life's tree is bending.

#### VII.

When, amidst the stillness, and chill, and gloom,  
That memory bright and fair returning  
Illumines the heart in the shades of the tomb,  
And whitens the barren season of mourning.

#### VIII.

When once she has clasped the earth, like true  
love  
No more from her chosen one she flies, —  
But pours out the soul, which came from above,  
On the breast where her beauty lies.

#### IX.

A visitant all too pure for earth,  
Early she fades in her virgin day,  
And her spirit floats back to the clime of her  
birth;  
Drawn by the golden threads of a ray.  
—*Blackwood's Magazine.* MUSA.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOST AT CARDS.

It is more than twenty years ago since I was at school with Laurence Mountjoy, but I remember him well. The life of most men, we will hope, is brighter at its close than its beginning,—emerging from the grossness and cruelty of the schoolboy and the passions of youth into the light of reason and knowledge; but that of him I speak of was far otherwise. The height he reached was amidst thunderclouds, and the road before him was no lighter, though the way he came up was only misty, and the place from whence he started lay open to the sun. He was, indeed, a glorious boy, with spirits inexhaustible as long as his pocket-money lasted, and both ever ready to be employed in the entertainment of his friends, "too clever by half" for the majority of his companions, and snubbed and bullied in consequence, but having a little knot of ardent admirers all his own; the fate of most wits at school, where practical jokes and drinking-songs are chiefly acceptable, and higher kinds of humor are contemned and stigmatized by the all-degrading term "facetiousness."

"What may your name be?" drawled a senior boy to Mountjoy, upon his first arrival.

"It may be Beelzebub, but it is n't," replied that youth; and he was thrashed upon the spot for the repartee. Nevertheless he soon got to be liked for his other qualities—his generosity, activity, and beauty, a gift which prepossesses boys in favor of its owner. as it does the lowest classes and savages, in an uncommon degree. I seem to see him now beside the "grub-cart," where every enemy of the digestive organs from cocoa-nuts to toffy had abode, standing treat to all comers with a smile of welcome, or bounding over the play-fields with his golden hair streaming in the wind, and his eyes lit with the light which glows from a happy heart.

Laurence Mountjoy was good at most things in the sporting way, but he was best of all at raffles. He would have raffled his teeth if he could have got anybody to put in for them, and actually did take a ticket cheerfully on one occasion for the chance of the reversion of another boy's boots. Upon the eve of the Derby day—which was his great festival—he would employ himself for hours in cutting long slips of paper, and inscribing them with the names of the running horses

for "sweep" purposes, and, despite the strict discipline to which we were all subject, he never failed to see that great race run. Over the high wall with the broken glass, and along the dusty road for miles and miles, now whipped off from behind some aristocratic "drag"—now hanging by his hands to the back of a costermonger's cart, elbowed by pickpockets, pushed about by policemen, and catching only glimpses of the course through legs and arms, returning in the like unpleasant fashion to certain flogging and imprisonment, he went and came, content and even boastful. Whenever a pack of cards was confiscated, whenever dice—of home manufacture, and cut out (for silence sake) of india-rubber—were forfeited, Laurence was sure to be their owner. He bet upon the number of stripes that would be given him, and on what crop of blisters the cane would raise upon his hands, and he invented a hundred games with slate and pencil, paper and pen, for school-times. In a word, what whittling and exhortation are to the Yankee, gambling in all its branches was to him; it compensated for pain, for toil, and for loss of liberty, and never came amiss to him in any place or time. He came to school one winter evening, at the commencement of the half-year, in a Handsome cab from London with another boy. They had bought a great Roman Catholic taper, and held it by turns between their knees (although it struck them somehow as an impiety), and played cribbage all the way. A terrible voice cried down unto them, on a sudden, "two for his heels," for Laurence's adversary had omitted to mark the knave, and the cabman had become so interested a spectator through the little hole at the top, that he could n't help rectifying the error. It terrified them immensely at the time, but Mountjoy never took it (as the other did) as a warning.

But "we all have our weak points," we said, and his is the pleasure he takes in losing his own money, or in winning other people's to spend it on them again; and for my part, when I left school for college, there was none whose hand I clasped so tenderly, none whose companionship I was so loth to part with, as that of Laurence Mountjoy.

I was his senior by a year or two, and when he came up to Cambridge, was within a few terms of my degree, so we were not much together. He was grown very grace-

ful and handsome, and the qualities which had been ignored at school were at the university gladly recognized. It would have been impossible, amongst the freshmen, to have picked out one more popular, and deservedly so, than he. He did not read very much, indeed, but he talked of reading as though he would be Senior Wrangler. He subscribed to the Simeon Fund, the Drag, and the Pusey Testimonial; was a fluent speaker at the "Union," a tolerable musician, a good pool-player, a passable poet, and in short, promised to become one of those Admirable (university) Crichtons who from time to time glance meteor-like athwart the academic course, and then disappear wholly, and are lost in the darkness of the outward world.

We had pulled in the same boat one afternoon, in the "Scratch Races" of our club—which, rendered into modern English, means in races wherein the boats' crews are drawn by lot—and we had been successful. As Laurence jumped out at the winning post, breathless, and with heightened color, his broad bare chest rising and falling like a wave, I thought I had never seen a more splendid "assurance of a youth;" his sparkling eyes and honest hearty laugh, as he drew forth his little betting-book—novel accompaniments to such a proceeding as they were—gave hope of one who would not slip nor fall from honor, even on the "turf" itself.

We crossed over to the "Plough" that night and dined together, all the crew of us. The "Plough," where first on earth egg-flip was made, and where pre-eminent for ever egg-flip is; where shakes the well-worn bagatelle board on its uncertain legs in the small sanded parlor; and where the lawn slopes down to the river's edge, which every afternoon in summer time is trod by "the flash and the fair." And there he sang the songs we loved at school, and such as suited careless youth, and was the soul of all our jovial company. As he drove me home through the May midnight, his talk fell light and fresh upon my heart, which was about its hardening time, when Reason stays the fire-flood of life, and Prudence moulds it in her iron hands, and as we reached the college gates, I said, "You make the hours fly fast, Laurence; that's one o'clock."

"The quarter to," he said, "I'll bet a crown." Nor was that matin-time more jarred, I think, by noise and tumult of the

day, than his bright spirit then was tarnished by dishonor or the breath of shame.

I left soon after for the Inner Temple, and while I ate my terms, made flying visits, now and then, to Cambridge. During one of these, when I had been two years a graduate, I gave a supper-party at the "Bull." Mountjoy was late, and we sat down without him—for nobody waits supper at college, even for a lord,—and we talked over the absent man, as the mode is. I thought there could be no harm in a playful kick at such a favorite, and offered to wager that he was detained by cards.

"I would not like to be his adversary," said one.

"Nor I his partner," said another, "lest old Hornie fly away with the two of us with pardonable freedom, for he has the devil's own luck."

"Yes, and the devil's own play, too," said a third, sulkily.

"It does n't keep him from the duns, at all events," added the man next to me; "I dare say there is some pertinacious fanatic waiting for him upon his staircase now, who makes him so late, after all."

Much distressed by this news, and especially by the tone of the other remarks, I requested in a low voice to be informed further. I learnt that Mountjoy was not so popular as he used to be; affected a bad fast set, to whom it was supposed he had lost considerable sums; was certainly in temporary difficulties, and very much changed in manners and appearance. Further information was cut short by the entrance of Mountjoy himself. If I had not been expecting him and no other, I doubt if I should have known him; his face was pale and haggard in the extreme, his eyes—brighter than ever—were set in deep black circles, and his clothes hung loose upon his limbs; he welcomed me, however, with all his old cordiality, and threw about the arrows of his wit as usual: they were more barbed than they were wont to be, the sheet-lightning had become forked. The talk having turned upon the choice of a profession, he fastened upon his opposite neighbor, Wells (who had announced his intention of taking orders), like a gadfly. It was Wells, I then remembered, who had complained of his "devil's own play."

"Strange," said Laurence, "is n't it, that all our fastest men take holy orders! And

still more singular how rapid that metamorphosis is—the French prints, the tandem-whips, the colored clothes, are sold at a frightful sacrifice, and a spick-and-span divine turned out the next morning. What a pity, Wells, to have to throw away that exquisite taste of yours”—Wells had a red tie—“upon the merest black and white.”

He said many things of this savage sort, and drank off glass after glass of wine very rapidly; some of the rest were not more backward either in retort or drinking, and occasion soon arose when in my capacity as host I was obliged to interfere.

“He said I was a greater fool than I looked,”—“Who said so?”—“So you are,”—“Shame, shame,”—“Here’s a lark!” were expressions that burst forth from every side, until “Chair, chair,”—“Silence for the Lord Chief Justice,” and “Here’s an opinion, free gratis for nothing,” quelled them upon the homeopathic system of counter-irritation, and obtained for me a hearing.

“I am sure Mountjoy will apologize for that remark of his,” I said; “we are all college friends, and most of us old school-fellows, and we are not come here to pick quarrels, but chicken bones.”

“He called me—he called me,” hiccuped one, “a gr-greater fool than I looked.”

“My dear fellow,” said Mountjoy, holding his hand across the table in the most affectionate manner, “I retract the observation altogether; you are not such a fool as you look, as everybody knows.”

The offended party made as if he would kiss the proffered palm, and endeavored to explain that he was perfectly satisfied; we broke up amidst shouts of laughter, and in high good humor.

“I have left a few men at my rooms to-night,” said Mountjoy, “and if you will join them in a game at *vingt-et-un*, come at once, before gates shut.”

I was anxious to see the sort of company he kept, and adjourned accordingly to his college rooms. Six or seven men were sitting round his table as he entered, whom he had left (with some unselfishness, I am sure) to sup with me; they had been eating nothing, although food was piled in plenty on a piano in the corner, but a number of empty bottles proved their thirst. They did not interrupt their game for a moment, but one of them moved his chair to give us room.

“Eleven; now then for a ten!” roared the dealer. “Fifteen—curse my luck—and nine; overdrawn, by Jove.” A peal of joy rose from the rest. “You only pay me a skiv, though,” said one, mournfully; “a fiver for me,” said another; and “you pay twelve pounds, six pounds on each card,” added a third. They were playing then a good deal too high for me, and as I should have thought for Mountjoy also. I declined, therefore, joining the party, but stood with my back to the fire, and watched the game.

*Vingt-et-un*, like other matters which depend mostly upon luck, is a considerable trial for the temper, and the present company did not seem to have much patience to spare; they were more or less in wine, too, and exhibited a great contrast in their manner to the quiet and friendly fashion in which cards are (and should be) usually played at college. The chief cause of this was, that they were playing for higher stakes than they could well afford,—that is to say, gambling.

The eternal “make your game,” and “I double you,” were the only words that Mountjoy spoke, as dealer, but he spoke them like a curse. Despite the heat of the room and his intense excitement, his face shone, beneath the bright light of two or three lamps, as white as alabaster, and his thin hand shook over the pack like a lily on the dancing Cam; he kept the deal for a short time only, and lost heavily even then, and when he was player he clutched at the cards before they reached him, like a drowning man.

I shaded my face with my hand, for I was deeply pained, and watched him intently; he had usually “stood” upon his two first cards without drawing another, but he seemed suddenly to change his plan, and “drew” again and again.

“Nine—sixteen; surely you must be over,” said the dealer.

“No,” said Mountjoy, “thank you, I stand.”

Now, on that occasion I happened to see that Laurence was over (being twenty-two), and that he received the stakes instead of paying them. My blood rushed to my head, and I heard my heart beat for a moment at the sight, but I drove the idea of its being intended from me, and watched in hope that it would not be so again. No, thank Heaven, he is “over” this time, and throws his cards up with a sigh; and now he wins, and now

—as I live, he is “content” at twenty-five, and again receives instead of pays; not twice nor thrice this happens, but twenty times—he is cheating whenever there is an occasion to cheat.

The night—or rather the day—wears on, and still the players sit unweariedly; their lips are parched, their eyes are heated, and they scarce can take up their cards; but not till dawn breaks in through the thick curtains and athwart the dying lamps, does any one leave his seat; then two of them depart for morning chapel—for this is an opportunity of attending early prayers that rarely occurs to them,—and the rest drop off their perches presently, like moulting birds, and I am left alone with him who was my friend, who cheats his guests and his companions.

“Devilish dissipated, ain’t it?” said he, yawning.

“Devilish!” I said.

“And what cursed luck I’ve had: twenty pounds ready, and fifty pounds-worth of autograph gone besides; but, Lord love you, I’ve had worse luck than that, and shall again; and if I don’t mind it, why should you, old chap? Don’t look so confoundedly virtuous.” he added, angrily (for I was looking all I felt): “you’ve done the same before now.”

“Never the same, Mr. Mountjoy,” I replied.

“What do you mean,” said he, hastily, but without remarking on the way I had addressed him; “you’ve never gambled—do you mean to say that? I like your impudence.”

“Gambled, perhaps,” I answered, “but never cheated, sir.”

At that word, his wan cheeks burnt like two living coals, and he dropt into an arm-chair beside me without a word, while a sort of convulsion seemed to pass over his whole face, and his breath came and went with difficulty.

“Mountjoy,” I said, with pity and some terror, “be a man; you were drunk, and did not know what you did; you lost command over yourself, or you could never have done such a foul thing, I know.”

I saw with joy the tears gathering in his eyes, and with my face averted from him, appealed to his old nature as well as I was able. I told him what a hold he had once had on all our hearts, and how men’s backs were turning upon him now; I bade him judge

how his whole self was changed by his own altered features, and the strange companions he had chosen. He only answered by a silent passion of tears. I was obliged to put to him some bitter questions for the sake of that I had in view.

“Does any one know of this beside yourself, Laurence?”

He shook his head.

“Is this the first time in all your life that you ever did this thing?”

“The first—the first,” he moaned.

I thought, and I think still, that this was true; that he had cheated through a sort of despair of fortune, and in a frenzy, rather than according to a preconceived and customary plan.

“Have you a Bible in the room, Laurence? Good; I have it here. Now swear to me that you will not touch dice or card again while you are at the university; swear, I say,” for I saw he was about to refuse; “or, for your own sake, as well as that of others, I will proclaim what I have seen this night to the whole college.”

Laurence Mountjoy took the oath, and kept it; for he left Cambridge that very day and never returned to it, and went I know not whither; but on a way far apart from mine for years, and only across the memory of my brightest college days, and especially over their scenes of pleasure and excitement, his shadow fell dark and cold.

When I had been at the Bar but ten or eleven years, my opinion (however strange it may seem) was demanded upon a question of marriage settlements; the circumstance however, I do not deny, was due to my acquaintance with one of the contracting parties, and not to my professional reputation; for I had known Lucy Weynall from childhood, and her father had been my father’s friend. Lucy was not quite pretty, but had a thousand charming graces of vivacity and expression worth all the prettiness in the world: she sang, she drew, she talked three or four tongues, and—not to be omitted by a lawyer in estimating even a young lady’s assets—she had eight thousand pounds in the funds. I had thought more than once, but in an *ex parte* sort of way, of an alliance with this desirable young person myself; but she had caught me, when I was first “called,” practising before a looking-glass in my wig and gown at her father’s country-house, and

she never forgot it ; whenever, afterwards, I strove to be tender, she would give her imitations of my looks and gestures on that particular occasion, and I, knowing how little laughter is akin to love, soon stifled my flame with *Coke upon Littleton*, and began to take a life interest in Pump Court ; still, however, I was very anxious for her happiness, and it was with some terror, and the utmost astonishment, that I discovered the fortunate suitor to be one Captain Laurence Mountjoy.

Mr. Weynall, it seemed, was not altogether satisfied with him or his prospects, but Lucy had set her heart upon him, and it was at her own disposal. To my half-joking questions about her lover, she gave me such replies as convinced me that, in manners and attractions at least, he was the same who had charmed us all in youth ; "but he looks so pale and thin at times," she said, "that I can scarcely bear to look at him." An early day was appointed for me to meet the Captain at Thorney Grove — her father's house — and I was impatient until it came. If he blushes or looks confused at seeing me, thought I, it will be a good sign ; that sad business at college will still haunt his memory, and prove him to be not inured to shame ; it was his first and last and worst error, perhaps ; and who am I, that I should bring the sin of his youth against another man ? How many of us in early life have committed faults, and even crimes, and yet have reached harbor and smooth water, — and what right have we to send another who is about to join us, back again upon the stormy deep ? Full of these magnanimous reflections I arrived at Mr. Weynall's, and found within doors only that gentleman himself, who bade me seek the young couple in the garden. They were walking together under a trellis work of roses at the far end, and they never heeded my footsteps as I came along the high stone terrace towards them. He had his arm around her waist, and was combating, it seemed, some opinion or scruple of hers, for his musical tones, although I could not hear their sense, caught up and overpowered hers. I may be excused, under the circumstances, for likening him then and there to the Serpent at the ear of Eve. On a sudden, Lucy gave a little scream, and pointed to me, and then I knew that it was I who had been the subject of their debate. As they came forward she endeavored to disentangle herself from

him, but he held her firmly as before. Mountjoy was altered much, both by years and climate ; his complexion was almost olive, and a heavy moustache covered his lip.

"What a time it is since we met," said he ; "why, when was it that I saw you last ?"

"At Cambridge," I replied ; "you must remember that, Mountjoy" (for I was not pleased with his coolness and effrontery).

"Yes," he said, "at Cambridge ; to be sure it was ; and we had some ridiculous quarrel about *vingt-et-un*."

"Well, don't do it again, for that is just my age, and I don't want to be quarrelled about," said Lucy ; and the dinner-bell — tocsin of peace — began to sound.

"Across the walnuts and the wine" I heard as much of the soldier's history as he chose to tell. He spoke of his Indian wars, and showed us quite a ladder of medals. He poured out a river of anecdote, all of which he finished off by some prudent or moral reflection ; lamented this man's passion for play, another's thirst for excitement, and a third's absurd extravagance ; in fact, acted the part of a pattern son-in-law-to-be to perfection. But, later in the evening, over the cigars (which he made an apology for indulging in), and when the old gentleman had retired to rest, he was more natural in his communications ; — he spoke of Indian intrigues, and marriages "on spec ;" of the Colonel's fondness for "brag ;" of the ease with which Cheroot Races may be won by the crafty ; of the "smashes" there had been in the regiment, and in fact exhibited all the *repertoire* of a fast military man ; — his humor was quite gone, but a bitter wit overflowed his talk, and an utter disbelief in goodness and good men pervaded all ; — "as one man of the world talking to another," such and such, he said, were the real truths — viz., just the sort of horrible hopeless gospel, always heralded by that particular expression. And yet, when he drew himself up to his full height, and wished me "Good night," with his old bewitching smile, I pressed warmly his outstretched hand ; and, long after the echoes of his springy footsteps had died away upon the oaken stairs, I sat over the fading embers, with my mind fuller of sorrow than anger because of him. I had the darkest foreboding about this marriage. I had little doubt but that he was a fallen

star, who would fall lower yet, and drag down with him another, pure and bright, and dear to me, from its firmament; and yet I liked him still: what wonder, then, at her affection who knew his strength and not his weakness! How often do we see men like these, I thought,—men without a prayer, who have twenty pious lips to pray for them; without love—to call such—and yet so wildly adored; without one great, or wise, or beautiful thought, and yet diffusing quite a glory by their presence; with one look of love they wipe away a hundred wrongs, and when they die, their image is enshrined in many a heart, and not the less securely even although those may have been broken. I had no right, without more evidence, to compare Laurence Mountjoy with such men as these, but I did do so. It is not hard to find out in London what a man's life has been in India, but I did not consider myself justified in prying into the Captain's past career, for I knew that I had been a rival, and feared lest jealousy might prompt me in the matter, quite as much as a regard for Lucy's happiness. Their marriage took place at no distant period, and they went for a tour upon the Continent.

The childless old man, who had no relatives and but a few friends, came then to visit me more often. It was pleasant to him to be with one who had known and loved his daughter (for he knew of my old affection for her better than she did, and would gladly have prospered it), and we talked of the absent one continually. Month after month passed by without any sign of their return, and Lucy's letters grew more vague, and Laurence's quite silent as to their movements; he wrote that he found living abroad more expensive than he had thought; and generally requested to have more money; once even he wrote to me a private epistle, "as one man of the world writing to another," about the possibility of getting at the eight thousand pounds, which, according to my own advice, had been, however, put quite safely out of the gallant Captain's reach. Then the correspondence of both of them altogether ceased. Their last letter (dated from Wiesbaden) had been written in January, and it was now July. Post after post had Mr. Weynall begged of them to let him hear, and I myself had not been backward either in appealing to Mrs. Mountjoy's filial feelings,

or in pointing out to her husband the hazard of offending his father-in-law. I then became convinced that he was preventing her by force; cutting off, for some purpose of his own, her intercourse with her parent; and here all my delicacy about Mountjoy vanished, and I made every inquiry about him I could think of. At the Horse-Guards—for we knew his leave was expired—I found out that Captain Laurence Mountjoy had sold out of the army some months ago; learnt from the Military Secretary, with whom I had an acquaintance, that his selling out had been compulsory: some gambling transactions had come to light in the regiment since his return to England, "and indeed," said the official, "they were some of the worst cases that ever came under my notice."

My suspicions being thus realized, I offered to the almost frantic father to go in search of the lost sheep, or rather of the wolf and lamb so unfortunately paired. I would not take him with me, because he was the last man in the world fitted to cope with Mountjoy; but he gave me the fullest powers to act for him, and, if it could be any way possible, to bring about a separation.

I went upon my sad errand, among the throng of pleasure-seekers, up the noble river which is the most famous in song; all things around were beautiful, and every heart save mine seemed to be enjoying them to the full. A knot of young collegians, on that most charming of misnomers, "a reading party," contrasted, in their superabundance of high spirits, most painfully with my foreboding thoughts. Wilmot, the youngest of them and their favorite, in particular, reminded me of what Laurence Mountjoy once had been: we climbed together up the steep slopes of Ehrenbreitstein, beneath the quiet moon; and while we rested, he sang to us "Excelsior," and I doubt not it was suited to the singer as to the place, but I thought of him of whom the same might have been prophesied but twelve years back, and my heart grew heavy for the boy, in fear.

Wiesbaden, where I naturally intended to first seek the Mountjoys, was also the first halt of these young men, for Wilmot had a sister residing there, and a brother who was *attaché* to the English embassy. The first afternoon of our arrival, spent by me in fruitless inquiries, was passed by them at the Kursaal, and the singer gave me an account

that very night of his luck in winning nine five-franc pieces at the gaming table. I could not help giving him in return the outlines of this very story, but of course without mentioning the names of those I was in search of, but he interrupted me in the relation, with, "Why, they are here, sir; they were both playing to-night at the Kursaal; I am sure of it; the man quite white on a dark ground, with thick moustachios and sunken eyes; the woman, not good-looking at all, but ladylike; she put up her veil once when her husband spoke to her."

"Good Heavens! and did you ask their name?"

"Oh yes, my brother told me; everybody knows them here, — Molyneux, Captain and Mrs. Molyneux."

"Thank God," I said; and yet the next moment I doubted whether it would not be better that they should be these than not find them at all, or to find them doing worse. Not certain in my mind, however, I attended the Kursaal as soon as the tables were open on the following day. I sat myself down and held my head low, as though intent upon the game, and watched the company as they dropped in. The table was soon full, except a couple of seats exactly opposite to me, which appeared to be reserved by tacit consent for some *habitués*. Presently the man I was in search of entered, with a lady, thickly veiled, upon his arm, and they took their seats. Yes, it was she, but deadly pale and still, looking less like the light-hearted and self-willed Lucy I had known, than some wax automaton. She had been fond of jewelry, and wore it rather in profusion; but there was not an ornament about her now, unless her marriage ring could be so called, which I saw as she stretched out her hand (with the gambling rake in it, alas, alas!) to receive or pay. She seemed to be utterly careless about that matter herself, but when more fortunate than usual, she looked up from the board into her husband's face, as if to glean from it a joy. They played, it was evident, in accordance with some systematic plan, but they did not prosper. I saw Mountjoy's face darkening, and his teeth setting tighter with every revolution of the ball; at last, with a terrible oath, he rose up, and walked rapidly from the room, motioning to his wife to follow him.

"The Captain's scheme does n't answer,"

said one; "he said he should break the bank as surely as Baron Grimloff did last summer."

"Ah!" said the croupier, imperturbably, "the Baron did not go away with the money, though; and as for the Captain's new system, it's as old as the hills."

It was strange to hear the banker thus proclaiming his own invincibility, but he knew well how fast the devotees of the table were bound to him, and, indeed, was answered by a general laugh. I had already risen, and was following the couple into the garden. The summer sun was shining upon the pleasant little lake, and a light breeze crisped its surface; some children were feeding the insatiable carp, but, besides them and ourselves, there were no others at that early hour on the lawn or in the walks. I overtook the Mountjoys in one of these, and it reminded me of the time when I first met them together in the rosary at Thorney Grove; the way in which he laid his hand upon her arm at my approach recalled the manner in which he refused to be shaken off on that occasion. I saw in that grip that he was recalling to her some previous directions, and that he had calculated upon a meeting of this sort.

"Captain Mountjoy or Molyneux," I said, "I have matters of a very serious nature to speak to you upon," (at that beginning his pale cheek grew whiter, and I felt sure, at once, that he had done something to be afraid of, besides the things I knew).

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I continued, "to you, too, I have some weighty messages from a father whom you possibly may never see again."

"Address yourself to me, if you please, sir," burst forth her husband, violently; but she broke in with, "Tell me, for God's sake, is he ill, is he here, sir? Oh! Laurence, Laurence, let me see our father."

"He is not ill, madam," said I, "unless to be broken-hearted can be called so, but if I return to him without you, I do not doubt that he will die; and at your door, Captain Mountjoy, who have not suffered his daughter to write to him, his death will lie. Shall I return to him to say his son-in-law dare not pass under his own name, and that his daughter is compelled to become a professional gambler in the public rooms of Wiesbaden?"

"You will return to him," replied Mountjoy, savagely, "with a bullet through your

heart, if——;” but here poor Lucy, in an agony of tears, and half swooning, entreated to be led home; and we bore her between us, for she could not support herself, to their apartments on the third floor of a neighboring street. They were almost without furniture, and not altogether clean, but with a glass of flowers here and there, and a few other traces of the “grace past neatness” which rarely forsakes a woman. Heaps of papers, quite covered with figures, proclaimed, not the mathematician, but the systematic gambler: they were calculations for discovering his philosopher’s stone—the way to win at *Rouge et Noir*. He carried his wife, still sobbing piteously, into an inner room, and returning instantly, motioned me to a chair, and demanded my business.

“May I ask, sir, on the part of Mr. Weynall, why you have not corresponded with him these six months—not even to inform him of the sale of your commission?”

“You know as well and better, sir, than I (for I believe you put your meddling hand to it),” he replied, “that he refused me a pecuniary request, made on the part of his own daughter, and I did not choose that she should have anything more to do with such a hard-hearted old miser.”

“Now supposing,” said I, “as *one man of the world talking to another*, it was rather in hopes to bring the old miser into your terms; and supposing that your plan has taken effect, and that I am instructed to pay you half your demand—that is to say, £4000—upon condition that Mrs. Mountjoy returns to her friends?”

I had expected an outburst of rage at this proposal, but he only turned himself to the cabalistic documents upon the table; and after a little consideration answered calmly, “No, I must have £6000.”

Mr. Weynall would have given double that sum; but I was so enraged by this coolness and want of feeling, that I expressed myself with an eloquence that would have carried everything before it at the Old Bailey.

“Swindler! cheat! felon!” I cried (and at the word felon I saw him shake “like a guilty thing,” and pursued my lawyer’s advantage); “yes, felon, whom to-morrow may consign to a life-long imprisonment, how dare you make conditions with me?”

But he recovered himself almost immediately, and bade me leave the room.

“To-morrow, sir, will see me far from Wiesbaden, with her whom your unselfishness is so anxious to divorce from her husband. Do you think,” he added, with all his ancient bitterness, as I crossed the threshold, “that I have not heard of the family lawyer, the Platonic friend, the rejected suitor, before now?”

My indiscretion had thus broken off a treaty which had shown signs of being more favorable than I had hoped for. If Lucy could have been got to leave him, the business might have been by this time equitably, or at least legally, settled; but what was to be done now? I went straight to my young acquaintance of the steam-boat, in whose quickness I had a great confidence, and laid before him all the circumstances.

“Can your brother, the *attache*, do anything for me?” said I.

“Certainly,” he replied. A bright thought seemed to strike him. “Come along to the Embassy.”

After a short conversation with the young official, who took a great interest in the whole case, I procured the assistance of a couple of soldiers (a considerable portion of the standing army of the country), with full instructions as to how they were to proceed, and returned at once with them to the Mountjoys’ lodgings. I left my myrmidons outside, and entering, found the Captain alone, as before, but with a crowd of boxes about him, and everything ready for immediate departure. I said, “I am come once more to repeat my offer of this morning.”

He laughed quite scornfully, and replied, “Since you are so hot about it, sir, you must now give £8000 for the lady. I will take no less; in a couple of hours it will be too late; go to your hotel in the meantime, and debate the question of ‘Love or money.’”

“You do not move from this place unless I wish,” I answered. At a sign from me the soldiers entered, and I continued, “You are now arrested for living under an assumed name, and possessing a forged passport; and you will be confined in prison until other and graver charges which may be brought against you shall have been substantiated.”

The last sentence was a happy addition of my own, and it had a great success.

“Well,” he said, with an appearance of his old frankness; “you have out-manceuvred me, I confess; withdraw your forces, and

pay me the £4000, and I will perform my part of the business."

The men retired.

"Shall I take an oath before you, or will my word suffice?" said he.

"Sir," I replied, "the results of the last oath you took in my presence have not been such as to induce me to ask you for another."

He said nothing, but a flush came which forcibly recalled the same in his rooms at College. I drew up a document for him to sign, which bound him by the strongest tie—viz., his own interest—never to claim Lucy as his wife again, and he signed it; while I, on my part, gave him a cheque for the money. At that moment in came his poor wife, with her travelling dress and bonnet on.

"You may take those things off again," said her husband, calmly; "we are not going away."

She looked from one to the other with a sort of hope just awakening in her tear-worn face.

"You are going home to your father, Lucy," he added.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said; "and thank you, Laurence. How happy you have made me; we will go together to him, and to the dear old place, and never leave him; we will forget all the rest, won't we, dear husband, won't we?"

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I said, "your husband cannot accompany you; it would not be possible for your father to see him, even if he chose to go, which he does not." I was vexed that she should cling to this rotten tree. I had been too much accustomed to Divorce Bills, and Breach of Promise Actions, not to understand the love that cleaves to its chosen object through disgrace, neglect, and crime.

"I do not leave my husband," she said, quietly, "until death doth us part." She stood erect, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, but with a mournful look: it was the dignity of love, but also of despair.

He quietly and coldly put her arm away.

"It is better for us both, Lucy," he said; "I wish it to be so; I would rather," he added, with some effort, "that you never saw my face again."

She gave a short sharp cry, and fell heavily upon the floor.

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For many days she lay fever-stricken and

delirious; Miss Wilmot herself nursed her, and scarcely ever left her side. That poor girl, banished from her husband, without a friend of her own sex, and in a foreign land, was indeed a case to excite sympathy in any heart. When she returned to consciousness, the face hanging over her sweet eyes was that of her own father; it was his tremulous voice that answered when she said "Laurence! Laurence!" Nevertheless when the mist over her mind quite cleared away, she did not refuse to be comforted, even at first. Whatever others might have said against her husband, whatever proofs of his unworthiness might have been shown to her, she would have disbelieved or she would have forgiven, but his own renunciation of her cut, like a sharp sword, her heart-strings from him. She never asked to go to him again. He became to her an ideal being; the portrait she possessed of him, the lock of golden hair, the love letters he had once written to her, were memorials of a far other than he who had said, "I would rather that you never saw my face again." She was taken back to the old house, and grew resigned, and in time almost cheerful. She must have suffered many and terrible things and her nature recovered itself slowly at the touch of kindness, as the drooping flower opens to the sun. The old man became almost young again, and scarcely ever left her; he is fuller of kindness towards me than ever, but not so is Lucy, and I am not wanted at Thorney Grove, I can see. I had a difficult mission to perform when I went to Wiesbaden, and I did not do it as well, perhaps, as the *attache* would have done it; from first to last, I did my best, however, and with nothing but her good before my eyes.

Some few years after these circumstances, I spent a vacation in Paris, alone. I went about from sight to sight, until I had no interest left for any such things, and then (as happens in those cases) became nipped and morbid. I had climbed one day up the tower of Notre Dame, and found my head running more than was prudent upon the "Archdeacon" and "Quasimodo." I began to wonder how long it would take a man to fall to the ground, from the point where I was standing, for instance, and to make other unhealthy calculations. I passed that judgment on my own thoughts, and it made them, I suppose, revert with a flash to Mountjoy and his *rouge-et-noir* plans.

"And whether," I asked, "in this great outstretched city, does that hapless man abide? Friendless, and doubtless beggared by this time, does he still walk the earth, and remembers he his forsaken wife, and does he look back upon his earlier days!"

I know that I said these things to myself then, and not afterwards; I felt my eyes wandering back to the sad building that stands by itself so barely across the Place, wherever I strove to look; and I left the stately cathedral with a certain step, knowing that I should look upon Laurence Mountjoy. Drowned and stark, there he lay, indeed, but not to be mistaken by me for any other; he might have lain in Paris Morgue until the judgment day without being claimed, but that I went and found him. The officials thought, from various suspicious circumstances, that he had been thrown in, in short, murdered; but I can well believe that he sought refuge voluntarily in the deep swift-running stream. I thought of the day, not so long distant, that we had passed upon the

river bank at Cambridge; how terribly altered was that skeleton form from the nervous frame of the young collegian; and the soul, too — but that was past human judgment!

What an end for the once blithe spirit, so glorious in hope, so ardent in love, so genial in fancy; and the beautiful limbs, too, "fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair," left, thus dishonored, in the sight of the strange city! I caused him to be buried in one of those fair resting-places without the town, and stood beside his grave a solitary but no un pitying mourner. Of the circumstances of his death and manner of his later life I did not inquire; a pair of loaded dice that were found upon him forbade me to hope that good could come of it.

I too, like poor Lucy, "make a picture in my brain" of him at far other times, and only when I chance to see her smileless face, and those dark widows weeds, do I think, involuntarily and with a shudder of him who was lost — at cards.

**FISHING — ITS ADVANTAGE OVER OTHER FIELD SPORTS.** — Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling, or otherwise, and yields as much pleasure to some men, as dogs or hawks; *When they draw their fish upon the banks, saith Nic. Henselius, Silesiographia, cap. 3,* speaking of what extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. *James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book De Pisc. telleth, how, travelling by the wayside in Silesia, he found a nobleman booted up to the groins, wading himself, pulling the nets, and laboring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carps?* Many gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the armpits upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. *Plutarch in his book De Soler. Animal. speaks against all fishing, as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labor.* But he that shall consider the variety of baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and per-

spicacity as the rest, and it is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious; much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook-side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, coots, &c., and many other fowl, with their brood; which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make. — *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

THE inconvenience which must have been experienced by the want of numbers to the houses, is apparent in the laborious description of the places at which some lately imported sturgeon could be had:

"At a warehouse, the corner of Cross Lane on St. Dunstan's Hill; at the Salmon and Lobster, under the Sun Tavern, near the Monument on Fish Street Hill; at a shop, the corner of the Market House, over against the Bull Head Ale House, in Hungerford Market; at a shop the corner of Newport Market, lately Capt. Maddock's, where attendance will be daily given." — *London Daily Courant*, Nov. 9, 1728.

From Household Words.

## A WAY TO REMEMBER.

Most self-educated men, who for the most part have to win their bread and their information together, feel that the pressing and material business of life has a tendency to interfere with the memory of the scientific facts or of the philosophical truths which, in the intervals of leisure, they have been at pains to acquire. Now there are many every-day familiar things which, by any one sincerely in earnest, may be made powerful helps to the memory, and to habits of reflection, through the association of ideas. It may be useful to illustrate this position by a few examples.

There are few readers who have travelled by any sort of carriage, who could have failed to remark the appearances of motion impressed upon the landscape. These are due, not to the landscape, but to the carriage. Such simple phenomena are easy of association with the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun; they read many lessons to us on the difference between real and apparent motion.

Among the highest truths in nature, is the now confessed universality of motion. The fixed stars are no longer fixed in the ordinary sense, and the belief of thousands of years that they were absolutely fixed, is now proved to have arisen from an illusion of the senses. All are now conceded to be moving around each other with marvellous velocity; though, from the distance, the motion appears to us to be remarkably slow. The sun himself has his circuit of travel, measured by ages. In the words of a modern astronomer, "mutation and change are every where found; all is in motion; orbits expanding or contracting, their planes rocking up or down, their perihelia and nodes sweeping in opposite directions round the sun." It is well that we are likewise told, that "the limits of all these changes are fixed; that these limits can never be passed, and that at the end of a vast period, amounting to many millions of years, the entire range of fluctuation will have been accomplished, the entire system, planets, orbits, inclinations, eccentricities, perihelia, and nodes will have regained their original values and places, and the great bell of eternity will have then sounded One!"

Now among many things which we have not mentioned, but which are nevertheless in-

volved in the above statement, there are not a few that are extremely difficult to be remembered, but which it would be serviceable to retain in memory by the aid of familiar associations. Recurring again to the phenomena of travel; (for earth is to man none other than a magnificent chariot wherein he rides around that great central luminary, the sun, in the midst of planetary systems without end :) we may again refer to the apparent motion of the objects through which the passenger on the railway progresses. While passing in a direct line through a forest of trees, those trees towards which he is moving will appear to open out or separate from each other, while those left behind will appear to close up. Now this same opening-out, and this same closing-up, are actually the criteria employed to determine the astronomer touching the direction in which man on this earth is travelling through the starry forest in the skies. Borne along by the movement of the sun, the astronomer accordingly seeks a point in the heavens where the stars appear to be increasing their mutual distances. Finding this point, he next looks behind him in the opposite direction, and there perceiving the stars to close up on each other, he concludes that he has found the direction in which he is moving. In this manner it was, in fact, that Herschel determined that the solar system is travelling through space towards a point in the constellation Hercules. Now, many minds acting on this simple association, like the actor who receives the cue of a word or two from the prompter and then remembers his whole part, may, from the mere force of such a system, remember the whole of the discoveries of Argelander and Maedler. The sun, with its planets, will be seen sweeping towards the north pole of the heavens, — in fact, towards the star marked  $\pi$  in the constellation Hercules, — with a velocity which causes it to pass over a distance equal to thirty-three millions three hundred and fifty thousand miles every year. The star, Alcyone, will be recalled as the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now supposed to occupy the centre of gravity, and to be at present the sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving; the light from Alcyone requiring a period of five hundred and thirty-seven years to traverse the distance of the sun, from the central orb about which he performs his mighty

revolutions ; and the enormous term of eighteen million two hundred thousand years being required to be accomplished, if we may rely on the angular motion of the sun and system, as already determined, before the solar orb, with all its planets, satellites, and comets will have completed one revolution around its grand centre.

Still keeping to the incidents of travel, and the phenomena of forest trees. Who has not observed, while journeying along a railway, how the trees of a forest apparently whirl around each other — an appearance produced by the rapid speed of the carriage ? This incident, familiar as it is, may serve to raise habitually in the mind the notion of the parallax of the fixed stars. Parallax is the apparent change in the place of an object, occasioned by the real change in the place of the spectator. Since the parallactic motion of the forest trees becomes less and less perceptible as the velocity of the travelling beholder diminishes, or as the distance of the seemingly moving object becomes greater, it is evident that to measure the distance of the fixed stars is equivalent to determining the amount of the parallactic change in their relative positions, occasioned by the actual change of the positions from which they may be viewed by a spectator on the earth's surface. The spectator will, on the prompting of this remarkable suggestion, probably remember that when the orbital motion of the earth was first propounded by Copernicus, and it was asserted to revolve in an ellipse of nearly six hundred million miles in circumference, and with a motion so swift that it passed over no less than sixty-eight thousand miles in every hour of time, the opponents of the great philosopher exclaimed, that this doctrine could not be true ; "for," said they, "if we are sweeping around the sun in this vast orbit, and with this amazing velocity, then ought the fixed stars to whirl round each other, as do the forest trees to the traveller flying swiftly by them." To the unassisted eye this, which was the case in fact, did not appear ; and the Copernicans were without a satisfactory reply. They could only venture a suggestion that, owing perhaps to the enormous distance of the fixed stars, no perceptible change was operated by the revolution of the earth in its orbit ; in other words, that the pole of the heavens revolved in a curve of two hundred million miles in diame-

ter, but that such was the distance of the spheres of the fixed stars, that this curve was reduced to an invisible point. After a contest of three hundred years' duration, the truth uttered by Copernicus, but not sufficiently illustrated, is at length indisputably established.

Sometimes things of a grosser sort will serve to make those of a finer quality not only more appreciable, but more intelligible. Questions in regard to the subtle essence, Light, are difficult because of their fineness ; but it has been found possible to make them clear by resembling the subjects they regard to tangible objects, such as gun-boats, and rifle-balls, and gun-barrels. One of the last-named articles is supposed to be placed on a moving boat, and it is proposed so to direct a rifle on shore as to fire a ball down the said barrel. Now, let the two rifles be on the same exact level, and the axes of the barrels, be made precisely to coincide, — would the ball from the one pass down the other, in case the fixed one were fired at the exact instant the muzzles came precisely opposite to each other ? The uninstructed would be apt to answer, Yes ; not because the scientific reply confidently, No. It is necessary that the fixed rifle should be fixed before the moving one comes opposite, and the rifleman must make an allowance for the time the ball requires to move from the one gun to the other, and also for the velocity with which the moving piece is descending the stream. In order that the ball from the shore may be caused to enter the muzzle of the moving rifle, this computation must be accurately made. But further conditions have also to be considered. For instance, it must be recollected that while the ball is progressing down the barrel, the barrel itself is progressing down the tide, and that, in order to avoid the pressure of the ball against the upper side of the barrel, the latter must be fixed in an inclined position, and that the bottom of the barrel must be as far up the stream as it will descend by the boat's motion during the progress of the ball down the barrel ; — in fine, that the direction in which the barrel of the rifle which should receive the ball must be placed, is determined both by the velocity of the ball, and the velocity of the boat which bears the rifle.

But what has this very material parable to do with the theory and properties of light ? First of all, we liken the particles of light

that are shot from the fixed stars to the balls that are shot from the fixed rifle. The gun-barrel on the moving boat represents the tube of the star-gazer, and the boat represents the earth which bears him while itself sweeping around in its orbit. Down the axis of that tube the particles of light, like the aforesaid rifle-balls, must pass, in order to reach the eye of the observer. As the velocity of the earth's motion has been ascertained, and as the amount by which the telescope must be inclined, to cause the light to enter, has been determined, the velocity of the light itself becomes known from these two data; and thus the previously determined value of this incredible velocity is satisfactorily confirmed. For the rest, the reality of the earth's motion is absolutely necessary, to render the phenomena at all explicable. Such an illustra-

tion may serve to explain to the grossest understanding how it is that, owing to the progressive motion of light, and the revolution of the earth in its orbit, the celestial bodies cannot occupy in the heavens the places which they appear to fill. The particles of light from Jupiter take nearly forty minutes in passing from the planet to the observer's eye. Meanwhile the earth has progressed in its orbit some thirty-seven thousand miles, and the spectator borne along with it must see the planet, not where it actually is, but where it was in appearance some forty minutes before. The same effect in kind is produced on the places of the fixed stars, and is called aberration. To bring all this to mind with clearness and precision, it needs only to think of the gun-boat, the rifle-barrel, and the rifle-ball.

**A JEALOUS DOG.**—The following singular story is related of Judge Haliburton in his work entitled "Nature and Human Nature." We cannot readily question the credibility of a story thus authenticated:

"Last summer my duties sent me to George's Island. I take it for granted you know it, it is a small island situated in the centre of the harbor of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it and barracks for the accommodation of troops. There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this Newfoundland dog and a small terrier, called Tilt, in the boat with me. The latter was a very active little fellow that the General had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing creature that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege, which was never granted to this gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat which was often wet and dirty, and who was therefore excluded.

"The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him, and if he ever took any liberty, he turned on him and punished him severely. This, however, he did not do in my presence, as he knew I would not suffer it, and, therefore, when they both accompanied me in my walks, the big dog contented himself with treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while the little fellow, who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to close his eyes, sat up, looking over the gunwale, and seemed to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of men, as if he understood what was required of them, and was anxious they should acquit themselves properly.

"After having made my inspection, I returned to the boat, for the purpose of re-crossing to the

town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, never mind that foolish dog, I am here, and that is enough, or is there anything you want me to do?

"After calling in vain, I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Tilt, but no one appeared to have seen him, or noticed him or his motions.

"After perambulating the little island in vain, I asked the sentry if he knew where he was.

"Yes, sir," said he, 'he is buried in the beach.'

"Buried in the beach,' said I, with great anger, 'who dared to kill him? Tell me, sir, immediately.'

"That large dog did it, sir. He enticed him down to the shore by playing with him, pretending to crouch and then run after him; and then retreating, and coaxing him to chase him; and when he got near to the beach he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in the shingle and buried him, covering him up with the gravel. After that he went into the water, and with his paws washed his head and face, shook himself, and went up to the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, sir.'

"And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet warm.

"In the mean time, Thunder, who had watched our proceedings at a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court-martial holding against himself, plunged into the harbor and swam across to the town, and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over; and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE PHYSICIAN'S HOME.

## I.

THE cold winter, long and sharp that year, had given place to spring; but the mornings and evenings were dreary, and the east wind, which prevailed, penetrated to the very warmest house in Wexborough—a fashionable town for invalids, noted all over England for its salubrity. That east wind had struck inflammation to the chest of a lovely child, and was quickly carrying it away. It lay on its mother's knee before the fire. She, the mother, was young and very pretty, but delicate and careworn. Her whole heart was wound up in this child, and she would not believe but what it was recovering.

"Don't you think it looks a little better than it did this morning?" she anxiously asked, raising her eyes to her husband, who had come in, and was standing near.

He made an evasive reply, for he was a physician, and he knew that the child was dying. At that moment there was a knock at the front door, and they heard the maid show the visitor into the consulting-room. Their only servant, for they were very poor, the physician trying to struggle into practice.

"It's Mr. Fairfax, sir," she said entering the room.

Now Mr. Fairfax was Dr. Elliot's landlord, and the physician, for certain reasons, would rather have had a visit from any man, living or dead, than from him. He broke out into an impatient word, and demanded sharply of the girl why she admitted him. She was beginning an explanation, but he would not stop to hear it.

"Well, doctor," began Mr. Fairfax, who owned no end of property in Wexborough, "I am not come upon my usual visit, and that I told your girl, for I saw she was preparing the old answer. You know that house of mine in the Crescent, which was to be let furnished?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is let, and the people have arrived to-day. A lady and gentleman and several servants—plenty of money there seems to be, there. The gentleman is in bad health, and they asked me to recommend them a physician. So I mentioned you."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Dr. Elliot, with animation.

"Yes, but, doctor, we don't do nothing for nothing, in this world. I shall expect part of the fees you'll get to be handed to me—for back rent. Without my recommendation you would never have got in there, for I need not remind you that there

are physicians in Wexborough older established and more popular than you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," answered Dr. Elliot. "Honor bright."

"Then put on your hat, and go up at once. They want to see you to-night. Number nine."

Dr. Elliot soon reached the Crescent. His patient was seated in a room alone. One leg, cased in flannel, was raised on a foot-rest. Glasses and desert were on the table, though more from custom than for use, just now. Dr. Elliot's card had preceded him, and the servant placed a chair.

"They have brought me here for change of air," he said to Dr. Elliot, after speaking of his illness, "but I have little faith, myself, in any change being beneficial. Such a complication of disorders! And now this attack of the gout, worse than any I have ever had. I am a young man for gout, doctor; but it is hereditary in our family."

When Dr. Elliot was writing the prescription, it occurred to him that Mr. Fairfax had not mentioned the name, so he asked it now. "Turnberry," he thought, was the reply, but his patient was taken with a fit of coughing at the moment. He wrote it "— Turnberry, Esquire." As he was leaving the house a servant came up, and said his mistress wished to see him.

The lady stood in the drawing-room when Dr. Elliot entered, the rays of the chandelier falling on her. He was struck with amazement at her beauty. A tall, stately woman of eight-and-twenty, her eyes haughty, her complexion brilliant, her features of rare contour.

She began to speak; he began to speak; but neither finished. Both stood awed to silence, for they had recognized each other, and to neither was the recognition palatable, at that first moment. It was Mrs. Turnbull, not Turnberry, and Dr. Elliot saw in her the elder sister of his wife, whom he had stolen away from her home and married clandestinely, when the friends on both sides, his and hers, opposed their union. She saw in him the handsome, harem-scared young medical student, whom she had admired, if not loved, before she knew his heart was given to her sister. That was eight years ago, and no communication had been held between the families since. Dr. Elliot's friends had helped him, while he finished his studies and obtained his diploma. Since then he had set up at Wexborough, and had been living on, he hardly knew how, waiting for practice: his wife would have said *struggling* on.

Dr. Elliot held out his hand to Mrs. Turnbull. "May I hope that the lapse of time

has softened your feelings towards me?" he said, in a low, persuasive tone—and none knew how to speak more persuasively than he. "Now that we have been brought together in this strange way, let me implore a reconciliation—for Louisa's sake."

Mrs. Turnbull, after a moment's hesitation, put her hand into his. "For Louisa's sake," she repeated. "Are you living in Wexborough? Have you a flourishing practice?"

"Not flourishing. Practice comes slowly to beginners."

"How is Louisa? Is she much altered?"

"Very much, I think. The loss of her children has had a great effect upon her."

"Ah! you have children then!" An old jealous feeling of bygone days came over Mrs. Turnbull. She had none.

"Yes, we have been unfortunate in them all, save the eldest. I have left one at home now, in Louisa's arms, dying."

Mrs. Turnbull was shocked, and a better feeling returned to her. "I should like to see Louisa," she exclaimed. "Suppose I go now?"

"Now!" cried Dr. Elliot, in a dismayed tone, as he thought of the inward signs of poverty in his house, and its disordered appearance just then. "But we are all at sixes and sevens to-night, with this dying child."

"Oh, I can allow for that: I know what illness is. I have seen enough of it since I married Squire Turnbull. Wait one moment, and I will go with you."

She had possessed a will of her own as Clara Freer, and she had not parted with it as Mrs. Turnbull. She called for her bonnet and cloak, and then went into the dining-room to her husband. He looked surprised, as well he might, to see her going out, at the dusk of evening, in a strange town.

"Did you recognize him?" she said, leaning over her husband's chair.

"Recognize him!" repeated Squire Turnbull, not understanding. "He is a clever man, I think; seems to know what he is about. His name is"—running his eyes over the card on the table—"Elliot. Dr. Elliot."

"He is metamorphosed into Doctor now. He was Tom Elliot when he ran away with Louisa."

"By-jingo! it's never that Tom Elliot?" uttered the astonished squire. "Is he Louisa's husband? Well, it did strike me that I had seen his face before."

"He is Louisa's husband, and she is in trouble, he says. A child of theirs is dying—now—to-night—as I understand. I fancy, too, they are in poverty," she added:

"which of course was only to be expected, acting as they did. But he asked me to let by-gones be by-gones, for Louisa's sake, and I am going to see her."

"By-gones! of course, let them be by-gones," cried the warm-hearted squire, "why not? I have always blamed your father for holding out about it. It was done, and could n't be helped; and the only remedy left was to make the best of it. A dying child! poverty! I say, Clara, don't forget that we have abundance of everything, money included. Let your hand be open, wife, if it's wanted. Poor Loo!"

She went out, leaving the squire to his reflections. They carried him back, naturally, to that old time, eight years ago. He had admired Louisa Freer then, and wished to marry her, but Mr. Tom Elliot forestalled him. He had then, after some delay, transferred his proposals to the elder sister, and they were accepted. To be mistress of Turnbull Park, and two thousand a-year, was a position any lawyer's daughter might covet. Clara did, and gained it.

It was a strange meeting, the two sisters coming together, in that unexpected manner, after so many years of estrangement. O! the contrast between them! Mrs. Elliot pale, haggard, unhappy, her gown a faded merino, and her hair little cared for: Clara, who had thrown off her mantle, in an evening dress of black velvet, its low body and sleeves trimmed with rich white lace, and gold ornaments decorating her neck, her arms, and her luxuriant hair: more beautiful, more beautiful she was, altogether, than of yore.

There arose now, from a stool at his mother's feet, a lovely boy of seven years old, tall, healthy, and straight as a dart, fixing his large brown eyes on the stranger's face. But he was not dressed very well, and Dr. Elliot, muttering something about "William's bedtime," took him out of the room.

"What a noble boy!" involuntarily exclaimed Mrs. Turnbull, gazing after him; "what an intelligent countenance. He is your eldest, I presume; and this was your youngest."

Was! She unconsciously spoke of the infant in the past tense, for she had noted its ghastly face and labored breathing. Very, very fast was its life ebbing now.

"How many children have you?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"None." And there was something in the tone of the short answer which told the subject was a sore one.

"You are well off," vehemently spoke Mrs. Elliot. "Better never have them, than have them only to lose. William was born

soon after our marriage, in ten months, and then, for nearly three years, I had no more children. I did so wish for a girl—as did my husband. How I longed for it, I cannot tell you. The passionate appeal of Rachel I understood then—“Give me children, or else I die.” Well, a girl was born; but born to die: then another was born; but born to die: now this one, who has stayed longer with me than they, for she is fourteen months; now this one is about to die! You are well off.”

“Is Dr. Elliot a good husband to you?” questioned Mrs. Turnbull.

“He is a kind husband—yes—generally speaking,” was the reply of Mrs. Elliot, while a vivid blush dyed her pale cheek. “But he is fond of pleasure—not altogether what may be called a domestic husband. And now, Clara, dare I ask you of my father? Two years ago I heard that he was living, and I see you are not in mourning.”

“He is well and hearty. As full of business as ever.”

“Does he ever speak,” hesitated Mrs. Elliot, “of forgiving me?”

“He has never mentioned you, never once. He was dreadfully incensed at the step you took. And, when offended, it is so hard for him to forgive. You must remember that, Louisa.”

“I wrote to him after Willy was born. And again when I lost my first little girl.”

“Indeed!” cried Mrs. Turnbull. “He never told me. What was the result?”

“Both times the same. He returned the letters in a blank cover. It is not that I want assistance from him, but I should like forgiveness.”

“But some assistance would not be unelcome, I presume.”

“O, we can manage to get along. I suppose it is only right that straitened circumstances should follow such a marriage as ours. If I craved help for anything, it would be for the boy. He is a most intelligent child—as you saw by his eyes and countenance—can read as well as I can. But it is time his education was begun in earnest.”

“Will you give him to me?” eagerly asked Mrs. Turnbull. “I will adopt him, and do by him as if he were my own. Unless I am mistaken, you are shortly in expectation of another infant.”

“It is so,” answered Mrs. Elliot. “Night and day, since there has been a fear of losing this one, have I prayed it may be a girl.”

“Then you can spare me the boy. Talk it over with Dr. Elliot. It is only to lend him, you know, Louisa; and remember, the advantages to him will be great.”

## II.

TWELVE months passed away, and once more Squire Turnbull and his wife came to Wexborough for change of air for the former, bringing with them William Elliot, who was now resident at Turnbull Park.

Not long had they been at Wexborough this second time, before a disagreeable feeling, which during their former visit had stolen like a shadow over Mrs. Elliot's heart, rose again. Like a shadow indeed, for she would not allow herself to notice it then, and with their departure had dismissed it from her remembrance, never, she sincerely hoped, to recall it. Yet now it was forcing itself upon her with redoubled vigor—the suspicion that her husband admired, not in too sisterly a way, Mrs. Turnbull; that there was too good an understanding between them. Not that Mrs. Elliot feared anything like guilt. O, no. Whatever opinion she may have had cause to form of her husband's laxity of morals during their married life, she was perfectly secure in her sister's principles; but that an undue attachment for each other's society had grown up, was very plain. On Mrs. Turnbull's part, it was probably nothing but gratified vanity; but Louisa had never forgotten how Clara had once, when they were girls at home together, confessed to something, very like love, for Tom Elliot. She, Louisa, had then thought that his love and admiration were given to none but herself: she now knew that, at least, his admiration was given to every handsome woman who came in his way. Few had he fallen in with so beautiful as Mrs. Turnbull; he was at no pains to conceal his sense of it, and she repulsed not the marked attentions of the very handsome physician. But all this was disagreeable to Mrs. Elliot, and as the weeks of the Turnbulls' sojourn at Wexborough lengthened into months, and her husband passed more and more of his time with Mrs. Turnbull, it jarred not only on her feelings, but on her temper. Existence seemed to possess for her but two phases: passionate love for her little baby-girl, and jealousy of her husband and sister. Never yet had she breathed a word of this unpleasantness to Dr. Elliot, but she was naturally of hasty spirit, and the explosion was sure to come.

One afternoon, as she stood at her window holding her babe, she saw her sister and William advancing down the street. Then she saw her husband approach them, draw Mrs. Turnbull's arm within his, and lead her in. William came running up to the drawing room.

“Where is your aunt, Willy?” she said, as she stooped to kiss him.

"She's gone with papa into his consulting-room. Mamma, who do you think is come to Uncle Turnbull's?"

Mrs. Elliot did not heed him; she was listening for any sound from down stairs, jealously tormenting herself with conjectures what they might be doing, what talking about. Mrs. Turnbull came up shortly.

"I have had the greatest surprise to-day, Louisa," she exclaimed. "Who do you think came by the mid-day coach?"

Mrs. Elliot answered coldly — that she was not likely to guess.

"Papa."

"Papa!" repeated Mrs. Elliot, roused from her brooding thoughts.

"Papa. I never was more surprised. We were at luncheon. The servant said a gentleman wanted to see me, and in walked my father. It seems he was at Widborough, on business for one of his clients, and being so near, ran over here this morning. But he leaves to-morrow by the early coach, and is gone now to the Royal Arms to secure a bed."

"Did Willy see him?" sighed Mrs. Elliot.

"Yes. But papa took little notice of him: he never does when he sees him at the Park. I am going to leave Willy with you for the afternoon, for his presence always seems to cast a restraint upon my father. I wish," added Mrs. Turnbull, "you would give me a glass of wine, Louisa; I am thirsty."

Mrs. Elliot laid down her infant, and brought forth a decanter of port wine. It was the same as that in Mrs. Turnbull's own cellar, Squire Turnbull having sent in a present of some to Mrs. Elliot.

"I am thirsty too," said William. "Let me have a glass, mamma."

"Wine for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot; "no, indeed, Willy. When little boys are thirsty, they drink water."

"What nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Turnbull. "Give the child some wine, Louisa."

A half dispute ensued, carried on good-humoredly by Mrs. Turnbull, with bitterness by her sister. The latter handed William a tumbler of water: Mrs. Turnbull ordered him not to drink it till his mamma put some wine in it, and William Elliot, a sensitive child, stood in discomfort, his cheeks crimson, and whispering that he was not thirsty then. Dr. Elliot came in.

"Did you ever know anything like Louisa's absurdity to-day?" Mrs. Turnbull said to him. "Willy is dying with thirst: I say put a little drop of wine into that water, instead of letting him drink it cold, and she won't give him wine."

"He shall not have wine," repeated Mrs. Elliot. "It is improper for him."

"Nonsense!" muttered Dr. Elliot, and poured some wine into the water. His wife's face and lips turned of a deadly whiteness, with her the sign of extreme anger; she caught up the babe, and left the room.

"I must be going, Louisa," called out Mrs. Turnbull. "My father will have returned from the hotel. Good by." She went down the stairs, followed by Dr. Elliot, and Mrs. Elliot saw them walking slowly up the street together. She was boiling over with rage and indignation. Dr. Elliot did not return to tea, not, in fact, till it was time to take William home, and then came the explosion. The physician took it with provoking coolness, began to whistle, and asked whether the boy was ready.

"He never goes back again," said Mrs. Elliot. "His bed is made up at home."

"There is no reason for the lad's interests to suffer because your temper has returned crusty this evening," observed Dr. Elliot. "He shall certainly go back to Squire Turnbull's."

"When a woman can incite a child to disobey his mother, she is no longer fit to hold control over him. Mrs. Turnbull shall have no more control over mine."

"Was it worth while to make a fuss over such a trifle? As if a drop of wine could hurt the boy! Remember the obligations he is under to Mrs. Turnbull."

"Remember your obligations to me, your wife. I have borne much, Thomas, since we married, but I will not be domineered over by you both conjointly, or tamely see your love given to her."

"Tamely!—love!" uttered Doctor Elliot; "what nonsense, now, Louisa?"

"Do you think I am blind?" she retorted; "do you think I am a stone, destitute of feeling? Is it not too apparent that all your thoughts, your time, your wishes are given to Mrs. Turnbull?"

"O, if you are going to begin on the old score of jealousy, I have nothing more to say," observed Dr. Elliot, carelessly, "but I think you might exempt your own sister from such suspicions. Harriet!" he called out, throwing open the room-door; "put on Master William's things, and send him down."

"I say the child shall not go back," passionately uttered Mrs. Elliot.

"And I say he shall. When you have calmed down to soberness, Louisa, you will see the folly of sacrificing his advantages of education to your fancies, which are as capricious as they are unjust."

"I will apply to the law—I will apply to the nearest magistrate, rather than have my child forcibly disposed of against my will," she vehemently continued.

"My dear, the law is not on your side, but on mine. A father's authority does not yield to magistrates," laughed Dr. Elliot. To preserve that nonchalant good-humor, was, in her present mood, as fuel heaped on fire. She would rather he had struck her.

And the matter ended by his taking William back to Mrs. Turnbull's. "Loo's furiously savage," he thought to himself, as he went. "But she should not take such crotchets in her head."

Mrs. Elliot certainly was "savage," as she sat alone that dusk evening. Things wore to her jaundiced mind a worse appearance than they really deserved. Her husband was magnified into a sort of demon Don Juan; her sister into a beautiful siren, who lived but to attract him, and rule over her. "O! the blind child I was, to fly in the face of my friends, and run away with Tom Elliot!" she bitterly exclaimed. "I suppose the act is working out its own punishment, for what a life is mine! Struggling with poverty—losing my idolized children—spurned by my father—neglected by my husband—patronized by my sister, and compelled to yield my boy to her charge! His education—there it is. It ought to go on, yet we have not the means to pursue it, and never shall, it seems to me.

"Why not ask my father?" The question came from her own heart, but with a sudden intensity that startled her to believe one must be at her elbow who had whispered it. "Why not go to him now, this very moment, at the hotel, and press it on him?"

Mrs. Elliot was in the excited state that sways to action. Calling the maid to sit up-stairs, lest the child should cry, she put on her things and went out.

The Royal Arms was not far off; a handsome hotel with a slight of steps and a blazing gas-lamp at its entrance. She turned her face away from its light. The landlord himself happened to be crossing the passage.

"Is a gentleman of the name of Freer stopping here?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"Freer? No ma'am."

"A friend of Mr. Turnbull's in the Crescent," she explained. "He came in this afternoon and engaged a bed."

"O, that gentleman—I did not know his name. Wears a bag-wig, ma'am."

"The same."

"He is not come in yet."

But, as they stood there, some one else came up the steps, and passed them without notice; an old gentleman in a bag-wig. The landlord was pressing forward to mention Mrs. Elliot, but she clasped his arm to restrain him.

"Not here, in this public passage," she

whispered, shrinking into a corner. "I will follow him to his bedroom. I am his daughter. There has been a difference between us, and we have not met for years. If you have children you can feel for me."

The landlord looked at her compassionately, at her pale face and visible emotion. He stood before her till Mr. Freer had received his candle from the hands of the waiter and had gone up-stairs.

He was winding up his watch when Mrs. Elliot entered. She closed the door and stood before him. He turned round in surprise, but he did not recognize her in the dim light. Her agitation was great, she became hysterical, and fell forward at his feet.

"O, father! forgive, forgive me!" she sobbed out. Mr. Freer started back from her, almost in affright.

"Louisa!—Elliot! you! what brings you here?" The Christian name had arisen involuntarily to his lips. He seemed to add the other by way of counteracting his familiarity.

"Sorrow brings me here—misery brings me. Father, I cannot live without your forgiveness. I think you must have cursed me, and that the curse is clinging to us, for nothing has prospered with me since I left your home."

"I have not cursed you," he said, still standing aloof from her.

"Will you accord me your forgiveness?" she continued to ask.

"Yes; if you can be satisfied with the letter and not the spirit."

She looked at him inquiringly, her lips parted, her thin white hands clasped in supplication.

"If to say that I forgive you will avail, that forgiveness you may take," he said, answering her look. "But when you cast me off, to become the wife of Thomas Elliot, you put a bar to all future intercourse between us."

"Your full and free forgiveness," she continued to implore.

"My free forgiveness," he repeated, "but not my friendship. You have your husband's."

"He has not been to me the husband I expected—hoped for," she cried, saying more than she would have said but for the jealous, angry feeling that was rife within her, so especially on that night.

The lawyer smiled, a grim smile. "Few wives, when they marry as you did, do find their husbands what they expected."

"O, father, father, that I had never left your home!" she wailed. "At times I say to myself, Let me cheat my memory, and persuade it that all these years have

been a dream — that I shall awake and find myself little Louisa Freer!"

"Ah," returned the lawyer, "many a one would give their lives to awake from the same dream."

"It is not visited on him as it is on me," she added, her cheeks flushing. "Hour after hour, while I am sitting alone, brooding over the past, striving to stave off present annoyances, he spends away from me, seeking only how he may amuse himself."

"Nothing else could be expected, from a man of the disposition of Thomas Elliot, but that he would seek his own amusement, married or single. I could have told you that, years ago."

"I know you never liked him, papa, but will you not be reconciled to him?"

"Never," vehemently replied Lawyer Freer. "We will not speak upon the subject."

"I came here to urge another plea," she sadly added, after an interval of silence. "To ask you to help me: we are very poor."

"It is waste of time," was the stern reiteration of Lawyer Freer. "Thomas Elliot has no help from me, before my death or after it."

"It is not for him," she eagerly rejoined, her eyes glistening with excitement. "Father, I declare to you that I ask for it but to thwart my husband, not to assist him. You have seen a child of mine at Mrs. Turnbull's."

"I have seen a child there," he coldly answered. "I believe my daughter once mentioned that it was yours."

My daughter! Well, she deserved it.

"It is my only boy: the rest were girls, and they have all died, save one. Father, I named him William after you."

"I had been better pleased that you had named him any other name, to associate with that of Elliot," was the disheartening answer.

"It is for him that I need assistance," she resumed. "I want to place him at school. O, sir: if you knew all, perhaps you would aid me to do it."

"What mistaken notion are you laboring under?" returned Mr. Freer. "Help a child of Thomas Elliot's! Has he been sending you on this strange errand?"

"He does not know I am come. He was absent when I stole out of my home to ask this. It would be against his will if the boy is placed at school, for he wishes him to remain with Mrs. Turnbull. Do you remember, father, how Clara used to tyrannize over me at home — how she used to put upon me?"

"It may possibly have been the case. She was older than you."

"Sir, you knew she did, though you may not care to recall it. But she does still, and surely she is not justified. I have not a will of my own, especially as regards the boy; every wish I express, she opposes, and Dr. Elliot upholds her. I could bear this," passionately went on Mrs. Elliot, disclosing what she would have shrunk from doing in a calmer moment — "I could bear her encouraging the child in disobedience, but what I cannot bear is, that she should draw my husband's affections away from me."

"I do not understand," replied Mr. Freer.

"Because you do not know Clara," said Mrs. Elliot. "She was as fond of Tom Elliot as I was, in those old days, but she had more worldly prudence. Who first encouraged him to our house? She did. Who flirted with him and attracted him? She did. And when the truth came out, that he loved me, she betrayed the tale to you, in her jealous anger. Then came forward Squire Turnbull. I was a young, frightened child, and I did not dare to object to him; so to escape I rushed upon a worse fate."

Lawyer Freer was knitting his brows. Parts of her speech had grated on his ear.

"She never forgave me, from the morning she knew Tom Elliot cared for me and not for her; she has never forgiven me yet. And now they have learnt to care for each other: the time, the attentions, the love my husband owes me, are given to her. Believe me or not, as you please, sir, it is the disgraceful truth."

"Disgraceful, degenerate girls, both of you," he exclaimed, angrily, "to suffer your minds to be led away by a man like him!"

"So I come to you for aid," she continued; "and I have explained this, not to betray her folly, but to justify my application. If I could place the boy at school, we should no longer be under obligations to Mrs. Turnbull, neither would the child be an excuse for my husband's visits there. You cannot countenance such conduct in my sister."

"I have nothing to do with Mrs. Turnbull's conduct. She is old enough and wise enough to take care of herself, and I do not fear her doing so. And for you — should you ever become a widow, then you may apply to me."

The tears were struggling down Mrs. Elliot's cheeks. She ventured to touch, and take, her father's hand. "For my peace, and William's welfare, I implore aid," she said. "Not for Dr. Elliot."

Mr. Freer did not withdraw his hand, and he did not return her clasp; he suffered it to remain passively in hers. "You are asking what is not in my power to accord, Louisa," he at length said. "When you left my protection for Thomas Elliot's, I took an oath that he, and his, should remain strangers to me; that so long as he should live, they should never receive or enjoy aught of mine. As well ask me to break this hand—and he held it out—as to break my oath."

"So there goes another of my life's delusions," she uttered in a tone of anguish, "nearly the last. In my sadder moments, a beaming ray of light has flashed across me—a vision of my being reconciled to my father; of his blessing me and my children, a blessing that might have been worked out in life. How could I have expected it? Father, farewell, God bless you, and pity me!"

"Fare you well, Louisa."

He took the candle and followed her to the door, intending to light her down stairs, but the rays of a lamp, hanging outside, rendered it unnecessary. He stood there, and when she glanced back from the end of the corridor, she saw him looking after her. Yearningly she strained her eyes to his, and her lips moved, and her steps halted. Perhaps she would have flown back to him: she had it in her heart to do so; to fall upon his neck, and with kisses and sobs, implore a more loving forgiveness; but he turned in and closed the door, even as she looked, and she passed swiftly down stairs, with a bursting spirit. It was the last time they met on earth.

### III.

NEARLY the last of her life's delusions, Mrs. Elliot had said. What else remained to her? Her children. William departed, as before, with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull for Nearfordshire. With the latter's absence, Louisa again forgot her jealous troubles, and peace—rather cold, perhaps, but undisturbed by storms—was resumed between herself and her husband. Upon her young child, the girl, every wish and hope seemed now centered. The love she lavished upon the infant was a matter of remark to all who had an opportunity of witnessing it: they loved their children, but not with an all-absorbing passion like this. Did Mrs. Elliot ever hear that a check, sooner or later, always comes to love so inordinate? She would have known it, had she looked much into the world. "O! when my darling can speak, when it can answer me with its dear little voice, I shall be too happy," she was wont to say. "My father has abandoned me, my husband has forgotten his love for

me, my noble boy gladdens other eyes than mine, but in this precious child shall be my recompense. Make haste, my darling, make haste to speak!"

But the child seemed backward in speaking, and in walking also. Fifteen months old, and it attempted neither. Master Willy, at that age, had gone with his sturdy legs all over the room, and made himself heard when he wanted bread and butter. "Girls are not so forward as boys," reasoned Mrs. Elliot.

It was a pretty child, and would have been more so, but for an unusual look about the forehead, and a vacant stare in its full blue eyes. Once or twice, that vacant gaze had stricken a chill to the mother's heart, bringing with it a wild fear, a dread, which she drove back as some far-off horror, that would kill her if ever it came near.

One afternoon the servant, Harriet, had the baby lying on her knee. She had just come in from a walk, had taken off its things, and was now looking curiously at its face, and touching its head here and there. Dr. Elliot was stretched on the sofa, reading, as Harriet thought, but his eyes were raised over the book, watching her motions.

"Harriet, what are you looking at?"

The question was sudden, and startled the servant. She replied, in a confused, vague manner, that she was looking at "nothing particular."

Dr. Elliot came forward, drew a chair in front of them, and sat down, gazing first at her, then at the child. "What were you thinking of, Harriet," he persisted, "when you touched the child's forehead?"

Harriet burst into tears: she was very fond of the infant. "I hope you will not ask me, sir," she rejoined; "I should be afraid to tell."

"Afraid of a fiddlestick," returned Dr. Elliot. "If you fancy there is anything the matter with her, speak, and it may be"—he seemed to hesitate for a word—"remedied. Many an infant has been ruined for life through its ailments not being known."

"It was not me, sir," began Harriet, looking round at the door, which was ajar, to make sure her mistress was not there, though indeed she could then hear her overhead, in her own room. "It's true I have wondered at the child's being so dull, though I never thought much about it; but this afternoon, as I was sitting on a bench in the promenade walk, old Mrs. Chivers came up—she as goes out nursing."

"I know," said Dr. Elliot. "Well?"

"She had got her daughter's child with her, a lively little thing of eleven months. It was stepping about, holding on by our knees, and laughing.

"That's what your poor little charge won't do on a sudden," she begins to me.

"Why not?" says I. "Little Miss Clara's backward, but she'll be all right when she gets her teeth."

"Why, she's got her teeth," returns Nurse Chivers. "Hasn't she?"

"Only six," I said. "Many a child's more backward in walking than she."

"I don't say she won't walk in time," went on Dame Chivers, "but you can't have handled that baby for fifteen months, and not have found out what's the matter with it. Folks are talking of it in the town, and saying——" Harriet stopped.

"Go on," cried Dr. Elliot, with compressed lips.

"And saying," Nurse Chivers continued, "that the doctor must know it, if its poor mamma does not. Though the look of the baby might have told even her that it is—I don't like," broke off Harriet, with renewed tears, "to repeat the cruel word she said—though Nurse Chivers was grieved herself, and did not mean it in cruelty. But if she's right the dear infant will never have wit nor sense through life, to comfort us."

Tighter, far tighter, was the straining of his lips, and a dark shade of pain marked his handsome face. He bent his head over his child. It lay wide awake, but perfectly passive in Harriet's lap, its lips apart, and its glistening eyes staring upwards.

"O, sir," sobbed Harriet, "is it true?" And then she saw the expression on the doctor's countenance, and knew that the news was no news to him. "Who will ever break it to my mistress?" she wailed.

"It must be suffered to come upon her by gradual degrees," was his answer. But had Dr. Elliot raised his eyes, he would have seen that it *had* come upon her, and not by gradual degrees. She had come softly down stairs and inside the room, lest the baby slept, just in time to hear the dreadful sentence; and there she stood, transfixed and rigid, her eyes staring as wildly as the child's. That far-off horror, seen but at a distance,

had come near—into her very home. Some instinct caused Harriet to turn round; she saw her mistress, and shrieked out. Dr. Elliot raised his head, bounded forward, and caught her in his arms.

"Louisa! Good Heavens! I did not know you were there. My dearest wife! do not distress yourself; all will be well; it is not so bad as these women think. Louisa! Louisa!"

No, no, the dreadful shock had come to her, and nothing could soothe or soften it. When she recovered power of motion, she took the ill-fated child from the servant, laid its cheek against hers, and moaned as she swayed with it backwards and forwards. Suddenly she looked up at her husband—"If we could die—I and she—both of us!" she murmured, in a despairing, helpless sort of way, almost as if her own intellects were going.

It was indeed a fearful visitation, and it made itself heard in throbs of agony. Her brain was beating, her heart was working: care upon care, trouble upon trouble, had followed her wilful marriage, and now the last and greatest comfort, the only joy that seemed left to her, had turned into a thing to be dreaded worse than death. She had so passionately wished for this child, and now that it was given, what was it? Her husband sat regarding her in gloomy silence, pitying her—she could see that—pitying the ill-fated child. O, if she could but undo her work and her disobedience—if she could but go back years, and be once more careless, happy, dutiful Louisa Freer! Not even Tom Elliot should tempt her away then.

How many, as her father said, have echoed the same useless prayer. Ill-doing first, repentance afterwards; but repentance can rarely, if ever, repair the ill-doing. All must bear the sorrows they bring upon themselves, even though they may end but with life; but it seemed to Louisa Elliot, in that first hour of her full affliction, that her punishment was worse than had ever yet fallen upon woman.

**HUMAN BODIES IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF DRUIDICAL TEMPLES.**—There is a curious tradition both of St. Patrick in Ireland, and of St. Columba in Iona, that when they attempted to found churches, they were impeded by an evil spirit, who threw down the walls as fast as they were built, until a human victim was sacrificed and buried under the foundation, which being done, they stood firm.

I very much fear there is too much truth in this story. Not that I mean that such a thing was done by either a Christian Patrick or Columba, but by the Druids, from whom the story got fathered upon the former. Under each of the twelve pillars of one of the circular temples in Iona, a human body was found to have been buried.—*Godfrey Higgins' Celtic Druids.*

From The Train.

## DOCTOR DODD.

Few characteristics of the social economy of our ancestors of the last century contrast more strongly with our own times than the position of the clergy. Independently of his sacred office, the clergyman of the present day is usually respected and beloved. We know him to be invariably a scholar and a gentleman; and that his life, as a rule, which exceptions only prove, is passed in strict morality and active benevolence. We are indulgent to his weaknesses, since they seldom lead to worse results than an efflorescence of Gothic architecture and mediæval coloring in our churches; and, after all, we acknowledge his crockets and his stained glass, his Latin legends in long-tailed letters, his choristers in bed-gowns, and his high-art scrapers at the church porch, preferable to the wantonly hideous square galleried den (with the bodies of departed brethren piled in vaults beneath up to its very flooring, and its hymns exploding when let off into a sound resembling the simultaneous setting of a thousand saws), in which Howler, of Rehoboth, screams his congregation into pious rapture.

Moreover, and the fact is not so unimportant as it may seem, we now call a clerical gentleman a Clergyman. In the last century he was a Parson, and the fact of the nickname afforded an index to the estimation in which he was popularly held. It was at a party of a dozen Parsons that the Earl of Sandwich won his wager, that no one among them had brought his prayer-book or forgotten his cork-screw.

The Parson holds high place among Hogarth's bacchanalian group of *Midnight Modern Conversation*, but who would now venture to represent a drunken orgie assisted at by a clergyman? It is true that Fielding has presented us with Parson Adams, but he has also left us Parson Trulliber, and that judicious parson, the Ordinary of Newgate, who, when making a night of it with Jonathan Wild, cannot be induced to drink any liquor but punch, as "a beverage nowhere spoken against in Scripture."

The Parson whom we have selected for our present subject, was, if not less vicious, at least more elegant in his choice of pleasures than the historical and mythical brethren of the cloth to whom we have last referred. Popular tradition has so long represented Doc-

tor Dodd as a victim, almost a martyr, that we shall probably startle not a few of our readers by representing his character in that strongly unfavorable aspect which we consider to be the true one. We believe him to have been a man of such utterly feeble powers of mind as to lack even the power of resisting ordinary temptation, a man who failed to become a hypocrite from sheer want of sufficient energy to succeed in the attempt; a man who canted, and sinned, and wept only when found out.

Our first adverse impressions against the Doctor were conveyed by the perusal of one of his works, entitled *Thoughts on Death*. Perhaps no work upon a solemn and suggestive theme ever so thoroughly exhibited that characteristic which we only know how to express by the epithet "sloppy." The author proceeds upon two assumptions, that a work on Death, if made interesting, would probably command a sale; and that Shakspeare was a great writer. Thereupon, without further introduction, he bursts out upon us at once with Hamlet's soliloquy, and then starts a death-bed scene or two of *Negotio*, *Misella*, and various other anonymities, written after the lively manner of *The Spectator*. Before he can manage to get over a dozen lines, however, the pious reader is suddenly pulled up by an asterisk and ordered to "See Shakspeare's grave-diggers in Hamlet," upon the subject of a "sexton whistling." Then the author meanders into Gray's Churchyard, and at length, making up his mind to begin on his own account, gives us a wonderful account of what he himself could not forbear saying, *in silence* (the blunder is a literal fact), on the subject of Death. We finally obtain not only the sketches which are intended as the staple of the book, but another quotation or two from Shakspeare (including the entire scene of the death of Cardinal Beaufort), the death of Eugenio the Infidel, from Doctor Young, and two dozen rules for servants, which the author thinks "would be extremely useful if printed on a large sheet and hung up in all kitchens." So that if we have not the value of our money one way or another, we can scarcely blame the author.

We had no sooner glanced through this volume, which we had purchased in no scoffing or irreverent spirit, but in the honest desire to read a solemn work upon an impres-

sive subject, than it occurred to us that the sympathy and commiseration with which we had so long regarded the unhappy writer might have been, to a great extent, ill-bestowed; that the man had been little more or less than a mere feeble impostor, and that a careful inquiry into his history would probably prove that the crime for which he suffered, instead of being a mere error of impulse, had been systematically led up to by the continuous career of preceding years.

This utter weakness and vagueness of purpose, so glaringly exemplified in the *Thoughts on Death*, pervades the whole of Dodd's unhappy career. He was entirely unable to withstand even the ordinary temptations of human life. In his youth he was a man of pleasure, and, especially, as he himself phrases it, "a votary of the god of dancing." It is recorded that while a young man he frequented the meetings of the Robin Hood Debating Club, and one anecdote, in connection herewith, strikingly shows the imbecility of his character. A false alarm of fire having been given, the Doctor was, with the utmost difficulty, prevented from dashing himself in frantic terror from the window of the club-room on the second floor.

In 1754, he published, anonymously, a novel, entitled *The Sisters*, which, although it pretended to encourage morality and repress vice, by rewarding its characters according to their merits in the last volume, nevertheless contained passages in which warmth of coloring predominated decidedly over delicacy of sentiment, and scenes, the description of which proved that the reverend author knew far more of the haunts of vice and dissipation than was by any means consistent with his pious profession. The names of the characters, Dookalb, Leicart, Repook, and others, were those of living and well-known persons, transposed in such a manner as to afford an agreeable entertainment to the ingenious, so that scandal might not be wanting to give a zest to licentiousness.

Possessed of an elegant person and conciliating manners, Dodd, with his accommodat- ing system of piety, found the timidity which led him from simple dread of being dull to embellish his very homilies with entertaining anecdotes and scraps of dramatic literature, no small assistance to him in the acquirement of popularity. Such as he struggled for he soon obtained, as a theological lecturer. In

1763, he obtained the appointment of chaplain in ordinary to the king, and created no slight sensation by giving tea parties to select lady friends at his own chambers in the royal palace, a liberty which had certainly not been previously exercised by one in his position, and, although not favorably regarded upon its first introduction, does not appear to have prevented his preferment to the post of Chaplain to his Majesty. A more unfortunate employment awaited him when he was recommended to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a tutor to his nephew, godson, and titular successor, Philip Stanhope. With this young nobleman Dodd made the tour of Europe, and enjoyed the felicity of seeing life under its most brilliant and varied aspects. After his return, and in the year 1764, a curious piece of fortune befell him. His wife had, while attending an auction, chanced to bid for a cabinet, and was at once outbidden by a lady present. Mrs. Dodd immediately courtesied and retired from the contest. The lady, who had probably set her mind upon the article, was so delighted with the polite action of Mrs. Dodd, that she desired her better acquaintance, and shortly afterwards presented her with a lottery ticket which, upon the drawing, chanced to come up a prize of £1,000. With this money, thus obtained, the Doctor built a chapel, still standing, in Pimlico, and called it after the Queen, Charlotte Chapel. It is not a little singular that a subsequent proprietor, also a Doctor, has in our own day continued the notoriety of this same edifice by conduct as flagrant, if less amenable to our criminal code, as that of Doctor Dodd.

It is probable, however, that never in the history of this chapel was it better attended, or by a more numerous assemblage of ladies, than at the two respective periods when town scandal had already rendered the names of these two preachers notorious. We are utterly at a loss to account for this fact, and can only set it down to one of those peculiar morbid idiosyncrasies which appear to attach rather to masses of people simultaneously than to individuals. Even at this period, Doctor Dodd had become the butt of the satirists of his time, and his fair fame had already been sullied by many a report no less disgraceful than true.

There is a well-known story of a piece of

advice given by some one, I think the Earl of Chesterfield, to a divine of the Dodd type, which might have been justly applied to the Royal Chaplain. The divine in question having inquired what vice it could be which he had just been recommended to add to his stock to make him a better man, was answered — "Hypocrisy, my dear Doctor, only a little Hypocrisy!"

The removal of Dodd from Pimlico, to a rectory at Hockliffe, Devon, with an income of £160 per annum, is merely a biographical fact which need not have been alluded to in a mere essay like the present, but for a somewhat remarkable incident which occurred during his residence there. A highwayman, named William Griffiths, having robbed the Doctor and his lady after the custom of the time, by way of mere mischief, as he rode off discharged his pistol at their carriage window, shattering the pane. It is probable that he did not absolutely intend to kill either of the occupants — it is certain that he did not care two straws whether he blew out the brains of both or not. Similar freaks in moments of exhilaration after the receipt of booty were not rare among the high-spirited gentlemen of the road. One such we remember of a fellow, named Frankling, who, having plundered three ladies in a carriage and ridden off to their immense relief, suddenly cantered back upon the thought striking him that he had forgotten to kiss them. While engaged in this delightful occupation, with his head and half his body thrust into the vehicle, he was ignominiously captured in reverse by the coachman. History tells us that he behaved with the most undaunted courage and careless impudence at Tyburn, finally flinging himself from the ladder "as if to pull his head off."

The jest of wretched William Griffiths cost him as dearly. The Doctor prosecuted the robber unto death, as he considered it proper and laudable to do. So William Griffiths swung out his miserable existence *more temporis*, and the congregation of Doctor Dodd piously returned thanks for the direct interposition of the hand of Providence to preserve the life of their pastor.

We shortly afterwards find the Doctor returned to London, and engaged in a transaction which tended to continue his notoriety. The rectory of Saint George, Hanover-square, had become vacant, and the lady who

held the living received an anonymous letter, offering a bonus of three thousand pounds in case it should happen to be conferred on Doctor Dodd. The writer remained not long unknown. Taxed with the offence, the Doctor shuffled, evaded, and, as usual, canted, of course. The matter was laid before the King, and Dodd was at once removed from his post of Royal Chaplain. Squibs and censures upon him appeared in profusion in the public prints, and Samuel Foote, of the little theatre in the Haymarket, immediately produced a screaming farce in which a Doctor Simony figured conspicuously, to the intense amusement of beholders.

We have written, so far, to little purpose, if we have not already shown that the Doctor was a weak man, who did foolish things in a silly way. Now it happens to be one of the characteristics of true genius and greatness to attract minds of a lighter calibre, and to set them whirling around the more ponderous mass, as satellites revolve around their central planets. And, perhaps, no writer ever possessed this peculiar characteristic to a greater extent than Shakspeare. It is almost an indispensable feature in a poor intellect to grow, at some time or other, or in some way or other, silly about Shakspeare. To long to play "Hamlet," to seek a supplementary fame as a Shaksperian commentator, to take a theatre for Shaksperian revivals, to lecture on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, or to read "The Merchant of Venice" at an institution, to print hideous illustrations to Shakspeare's works, to collect them when published, to rush into controversies about passages that mean nothing particular when read how you will, to make a point of seeing every new Shaksperian tragedian, to publish Shakspeare entire, with all the plays and poems, including those never imagined to be his; to select from him, and present a hash to those delicate folks whom the joint might repel, are but a few of the modes by which the weak-minded strive to share the flight of Pegasus by clutching at his tail.

We have already seen how Dodd, in his *Thoughts on Death*, introduced extracts from Shakspeare under this mask of quotation. He also published the *Beauties of Shakspeare*, and at length resolved upon bringing out an entirely new edition of the plays of his idolized author. As this work would have involved an outlay of thousands, and the Doc-

tor's extravagance had already led him into debt to the amount of some hundreds, he was lured by this petty ambition, perhaps not unmingled with the hope of a successful commercial speculation by which to retrieve his fortunes, into the commission of the crime which ultimately rendered his fate a lamentable tragedy. Presuming upon the affection of Philip Stanhope, now Earl Chesterfield, for his former tutor, he forged upon that nobleman a bond for £4,200, upon which, after certain repulses by cautious capitalists, who objected to lend upon the personal security without a personal interview with the borrower, he at length succeeded in raising the required amount. A day or two after, one of the solicitors employed, remarked upon the face of the instrument a peculiar blot, which appeared to have been caused less by accident than by design. Inquiries were at once instituted, and the fraud discovered. The terrified culprit immediately restored the whole amount received, except three hundred pounds with which he had liquidated his previous liabilities, but for which sum he gave a judgment, immediately carried into execution upon his furniture.

With this reparation, justice, tempered by common humanity, might and ought to have been satisfied. There is a common tradition, which I have been unable to trace, that the Doctor was afterwards left alone in a room with the bond before him and a fire in the apartment. Whatever reason might be urged for his not acting upon the hint thus thrown out, let us mercifully accept that construction which redounds most to the credit of the unfortunate man.

He was arrested and charged before the Recorder of London, where he behaved miserably, crying and murmuring such excuses and supplications as might have been expected from a schoolboy dreading punishment. He found too late that he had trusted to a frail foundation in building his hopes upon the affection of a Stanhope. Upon his trial a legal quibble was raised, which delayed for nearly six months the execution of his sentence. Meanwhile, in his cell at Newgate, the old Shaksperian sentiment resumed its former sway. He was doomed to die, and therefore the hero of a possible tragedy. So in order to act like a tragic hero he resolved his *Prison Thoughts* into blank verse.

Of course some of the old ludicrous weak-

nesses crept into this his most finished and also necessarily most earnest production. The reader is jerked every few pages down into some marginal note with a direction to see Psalm li. and Christian's Magazine, vol. iii. p. 130, to compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c., with Prayer of Manasseh in the Apocrypha and First Book of Maccabees; to see Maclean's answer to Jenyns, p. 72; to see Plutarch on something, and to listen to some anecdote of prison life or scaffold death. But as a whole the work is what every transcript of a man's real feeling must be, striking and impressive. One thought, which a modern poet has not scrupled to use as his own, is perhaps the best in the poem:

"The golden sun, in bridegroom majesty  
Taking benignant Nature to his love  
And decking her with bounties."

Outside the prison, the most active and powerful efforts were employed to save the life of the prisoner. Doctor Johnson, who had only seen Dodd once, but who, upon the first appeal, devoted his great powers heartily to the wretched man's service, composed on his behalf a petition to the king from the City of London (Johnson afterwards said significantly, "they mended it"), a petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen, observations for the newspapers upon the case, a sermon delivered by Dodd as his own to his fellow-prisoners, and a last dying speech left by the Doctor, also as his own, in the hands of the sheriff at Tyburn. It is melancholy to see that the last words of this misguided man were in effect a moral fraud. To these literary impostures so unwillingly did the real author, himself so great and true, become a party, that, although he descended to evasion in order to conceal the fact, lest it might injure Dodd during life, he eagerly avowed it, when after the catastrophe, the miserable device had raised the inevitable suspicion which any emanation from Johnson ascribed to Dodd must necessarily excite. One passage in the last address shows the estimation in which the real writer held the false. Johnson wrote, "My life for years past has been hypocritical." Dodd altered the latter expression into "dreadfully erroneous." He could not charge himself with hypocrisy; and, indeed, his faults, such as they were, had scarcely included an effort at concealment.

Nearly 30,000 people petitioned to spare the life of Dodd, and these included many

charities to which he had been a liberal benefactor — for, whatever his failings, niggardliness and uncharitableness formed certainly no portion of them. But the King was inexorable — “If Doctor Dodd is pardoned, the two Perreaus (alluding to two previous victims) have been murdered.” The force of royal logic, which thus sought to justify one act by another, totally independent and *ex post facto*, will perhaps be at present scarcely appreciated.

I wonder whether, amid his prison thoughts, there was one, which the unhappy man has certainly not given to the world in his book, respecting one William Griffiths, executed a few years before, for robbing on the King’s highway! and whether it ever occurred to the Doctor, while he lamented the merciless nature of a Chesterfield, that a wretch had not long ago been hanged upon the ready testimony of a minister of that religion whose essence is mercy? Did Dodd never for one moment feel that a miserable thief might possibly, after his coarse manner, feel as much mental anguish in the anticipation of a felon’s end, as an erring Doctor of Laws! And amid the various scriptural quotations with which every emanation from his pen was so profusely garnished, did there never arise to his mind, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy:” “Judge not lest ye be judged;” “For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again?”

Meanwhile, the unfortunate convict, at length resigned to his doom, dreaded even the pain of death less than personal ignominy, and the fearful scandal which his end would bring upon the ministry. He feared less the awful ride and the horrible gibbet, than the staring crowd, the triumphant infidel ruffianism, and the brutal jeers upon his cloth. His mind dwelt upon Nokes calling to Styles to “see the two Parsons together, one on ‘em taking t’ other to be hung!” And some such feelings animated even those who were warmest in his cause. It was not for mere sympathy with the man that Johnson devoted his powers to save the culprit. Johnson never believed in him. Long after, when the “Prison Thoughts” were put into the hands of the great Doctor, he exclaimed, in reference to the prayer for the King, which concludes the book, “What evidence is there

that this was composed the night before he suffered? I do not believe it. Sir, do you think that a man, the night before he is to be hanged, cares for the succession of a royal family! Though he *may* have composed this prayer then. A man who has been canting all his life, may cant to the last.”

On the 27th of June, 1777, two miserable criminals set forth on the dismal ride from Newgate to Tyburn. One of these was a wretched thief, named Harris, who rode accompanied by a sobbing heart-broken man, his father, in the ordinary cart. But the sympathy expressed for him was a trifle compared to that elicited by the other culprit, who, more dignified, and better able to pay for consideration, was indulged with a mourning coach. The mob proved to be not the mob the unhappy Doctor had shuddered to anticipate. Nokes and Styles were there, but instead of gibing, sorrowed loudly in their rude way, and uttered only prayers and blessings, instead of coarse and scurrile jests.

On arrival at the fatal spot, Dodd, after a few minutes’ prayer, whispered a few words to the executioner, and money was seen to pass. What that meant was soon evident, for as the cart drove on, down leapt the functionary and put the Doctor out of pain by a violent pull at his legs. As for the wretched Harris, who could not afford to purchase such luxuries, he was left to dangle out of the world as he best could.

It was not the last time in that year of Old Times, that the sacred profession, as then represented by the British Parson, was thus disgraced where the Marble Arch now stands. On the 13th day of the following December, the Rev. Mr. Russen, of Bethnal Green, condemned for a villanous outrage upon a little charity school-girl, reprehended the spectators for not removing their hats upon each recurrence of the occasion for so doing, during his last prayer. No small honor to the Tyburn mob that they received and obeyed the admonition solemnly and submissively.

So let us be thankful that we have only Clergymen now, and that the British Parson, after a feeble struggle for existence at the commencement of the present century, when his worst failing was a weakness for port and fox-hunting, has become as utterly and hopelessly extinct as the antediluvian Mastodon or Plesiosaurus.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF SLEEP.

Calm pleasures there abide majestic pains. — *Ladama*.

WHAT man, woman, or child has not met with, — what essayist on Sleep has not quoted, — what “nid nid nodding” drowsy-head has not complacently applauded, — honest Sancho Panza’s cordial benediction on the inventive genius to whom, by the sleek squire’s supposition, we owe the realized idea of slumber and sleep? “Blessed be the man that invented sleep,” quoth he; “it wraps one all around like a cloak.” Happy bit of graphic diction on Sancho’s part, — we seem to hear the comfortable yawn of lazy sensual satisfaction with which he draws it out, and to see him in the act of gathering the cloak carefully and completely around his portly person, and “tucking himself up” to a nicety in its cozy folds. Happy man be his dote; and pleasant dreams and slumbers light! though we fear such a gross feeder could know little of the last item, and that he snored portentously, through a wind instrument of three trombone power.

We had intended to launch out at once in high poetic mood on the subject of this paper, and in words worthy of its Wordsworthian motto. But that snore of Sancho’s has sent us all adrift. It has startled us from the lofty repose of reverie to a degrading consciousness of the prose aspects of our theme. Its discord has broken up our harmony of ideas in most admired disorder. Not more vexatiously could there come on the ear of the farmer’s daughter, in the act, at open window, of sweeping prelude cords upon her harp, the *contra-basso* grunt of the farmer’s swine.

For, like most other things, sleep has its unpoetical aspects. Indeed, few sleepers, caught in the act, are poetical objects. Most sleepers are quite the reverse. An Imogen, such as Shakspeare has painted her, dreaming of Posthumus and better days to come, is not an every-day vision. A Christabel, laid down in her loveliness, is not a type of common-place humanity asleep. Of course Imogen did not snore, nor utter inarticulate gurgling sounds at periodical intervals. Of course Christabel did not lie with her mouth wide open, and an expression of hopeless vacuity on “her face, O, call it fair not pale;” or twist her shape into quite nondescript postures, not to be told in rhyme or explained by reason. But this is what your ordinary sleepers do. They snore to the top of their bent, and that, in some temperaments, is *altissimo*. They utter broken murmurs, most absurdly compound of hissing, moaning, and nasal constituents. They lie

gaping to an extent utterly incompatible with the sublime and beautiful. They are to be seen, too, curled, or coiled, or collapsed into positions really worthy of study, as showing the eccentricities of *poses plastiques* possible to the human form, not less diversified than illogical. Leigh Hunt has remarked that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and as self-possessed as he pleases, — though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly, — though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may show himself grand on the most trifling occasions, — he is reduced to ridiculous shifts when once floored by that great leveller, Sleep. “Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ludicrous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot’s, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!” Few sleepers, in effect, show to advantage after they have come to years of discretion; it is only infancy and early childhood that will bear examination, as artistic studies of grace, when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness.

It is while sleep “steals gently o’er us,” — in the midway station, the half-way house between wide-awake activity and complete oblivion, — that one is most apt, in benignant stupidity, to echo Sancho’s blessing. Hence we can feelingly sympathize with the Connaught man, who, with very intelligible irritation, complained that for *his* part he found no kind of pleasure in his bed; for, the moment he was in it, he was asleep; and the moment he awoke, it was time to get up. The poor fellow was cruelly mulcted, thanks to his robust health and unjarred nervous system, of the agreeable train of sensations incident to sleep’s incipient stage. Again to quote the *Indicator*, — “a gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one: — the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; — the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; — ’tis closing; — ’tis more closing; — ’tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.” The dream-pleasures or the dream-pains of

sleep have begun, and for a while that prostrate form is independent of time, and space, and sense.

Much have the Poets had to say, as meet and right it was, of the pleasures and the blessings of Sleep :

"Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names ;

Thy very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames, When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !

Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep In rich reward all suffering ; Balm that tames All anguish ; Saint that evil thoughts and aims

Takest away, and into souls dost creep, Like to a breeze from heaven." \*

A volume might be composed of parallel passages to Young's familiar line and its expressive epithet, "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, *balmy* Sleep," — an epithet with the original application of which he is not uncommonly accredited, as though it had not been applied over and over again before his time with much finer effect — as in the rich aggregate of images, wrought together in tumultuous agitation in the haunted mind of murderous Macbeth, in that hour and power of darkness when the gracious Duncan slept his last sleep, and from whose date the murderer was to know innocent sleep never again :

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve† of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast," &c.

So again in a memorable sonnet by Sir Philip Sydney —

"Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the *balm* of woe, The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

The indifferent judge between high and low," &c.

A wakeful night or two will give wonderful emphasis to the significance of all such poetical epithets and descriptions ; while the finest morning, opening on summer splendors of nature, will fail to elicit delight from the worn-out watcher.‡ The necessity of

\* Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Sonnets.

† Unwrought silk.

‡ Wordsworth, for instance, in another of his Sonnets, lamenting recent experiences of such insomnolency, speaks as though tantalized by the beauties of morning-tide, and reproachfully asks Sleep,

"Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?

Come blessed barrier between day and day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !"

this balm to recruit the wasted energies of our nature, as it is universal, so is it infinitely diversified, and open to illustrations ranging from the pathetic to the humorous. On the one hand we may quote such a passage as that in one of Lillo's tragedies, where a grief-stricken husband is soothingly counselled to seek oblivion of his woes in sleep :

"Come, let's to rest. Impartial as the grave, Sleep robs the cruel tyrant of his power, Gives rest and freedom to the o'erwrought slave,

And steals the wretched beggar from his want. Droop not, my friend ; sleep will suspend thy cares,

And time will end them."

Or on the other hand we may turn to such verses as in Mackworth Praed's *jeu d'esprit* "on seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair during one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament :

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair If you may n't in your bed, that you should in your chair.

Louder and longer now they grow, Tory and Radical, Ay and No ; Talking by night and talking by day. Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; sleep while you may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men Is the sleep that cometh but now and then, Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill, Sweet to the children that work in the mill. You have more need of repose than they, Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Harvey will soon Move to abolish the sun and the moon ; Hume will no doubt be taking the sense Of the House on a question of sixteenpence. Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray, Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may."

Very wholesome counsel, that "sleep while you may," to whomsoever addressed. Hear the author of *The Caxtons*, — "O let youth cherish that happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command ; — for there cometh the day to all when 'neither the voice of the lute or the birds' (*non avium citharæque*) shall bring back the sweet slumber that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews. It is a dark epoch in a man's life when sleep forsakes him ; when he tosses to and fro, and thought will not be silenced ; when the drug and the draught are the couriers of stupefaction, not sleep ; when the eyelids close with an effort, and there is a drag, and a weight, and a dizziness in the eyes at morn." A deranged *physique*, a burdened conscience, a heavy-laden heart, — in vain do these invoke the alienated presence of Sleep. Most impressively has Shakspeare

exemplified this, in the instance of our Henry the Fourth, whom he pictures o'ercanopied with costly state, and surrounded with all that should secure repose, but, in spite of all, restless, feverish, tossing to and fro, a victim to the malady of thought, envying the sound slumbers of his meanest subject :

" — Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,"  
&c.

As a pendant to this, we cite a fragment from another old dramatist, John Marston, who thus graphically expresses the sleeplessness of a fretful, discontented spirit :

" I cannot sleep, my eyes' ill-neighboring lids  
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,  
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;  
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,  
Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labor :  
The galley slave, that all the toilsome day  
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,  
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;  
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,  
Thou mak'st wink sure; in night all creatures sleep,  
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate  
Repines and quarrels; alas! he's Goodman Tell-clock;  
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;  
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone."

So, again, Goethe represents Count Egmont in prison, reproachfully invoking that benignant presence of Sleep which *used* to come to him as a matter of course, but now comes not at all. " Old friend ! " exclaims the too wakeful captive, " ever faithful Sleep ! dost thou too forsake me, like my other friends ? How wert thou wont of yore to descend unsought upon my free brow, cooling my temples as if with a myrtle-wreath of love ! Amidst the din of battle, on the waves of life, I rested in thine arms, breathing lightly as a growing boy. When tempests whistled through the leaves and boughs, when the summits of the lofty trees swung creaking in the blast, the inmost core of my heart remained unmoved. What agitates me now ? " Poor captive —

" not poppy nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Southey has pathetically illustrated the same incapacity, in the sorrowing vigils of the " expectant Maid," Kailyal :

" Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet,  
Ladurlad said. Alas ! that cannot be  
To one whose days are days of misery.  
How often did she stretch her hands to greet  
Ereenia, rescued in the dreams of night !  
How oft, amid the vision of delight,  
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems;  
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear  
The Winds that moan above, the Waves below !  
Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep, the friend of Woe,  
But 'tis the happy that have call'd thee so."

And Wordsworth is but the spokesman of no slender company of unresting midnight watchers, when, on one occasion, he thus apostrophizes the Sleep he had fruitlessly wooed —

" Shall I alone,  
I surely not a man ungentle made,  
Call thee worst Tyrant by which flesh is cross'd?  
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted most !"

Another evil attaches to the general evil of sleeplessness. Too often, in such a case, — a case that is, of distempered nerves, or physical wreck, or mental anguish, the sleep when it *does* come is charged with vexing associations. Wooed long, and won at last, — the sighed-for boon is found a bane. Instead of the Pleasures, lo ! the Pains of Sleep. The sleep may be deep, but so is the trouble. It was thus the ancient patriarch was visited with midnight alarms — in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon him, and trembling, which made all his bones to shake. Dejection and perplexity attend on the retrospect of such experiences, dejection and perplexity on the prospect of their return. " I would not spend another such a night," protests the shivering dreamer, " no, not to buy a world of happy days ! " Rather than renew the dismal time, he will almost pray to be sleepless quite — pray that sleep may not visit his eyes, nor slumber his eyelids. Happily it is not many who undergo this torment; the case is abnormal, exceptional, in its more aggravated form. But those who have become sadly versed in the deeper Pains of Sleep, have recorded the perhaps " long since cancell'd woe " in a manner of moving interest, as showing the capacities of our common nature for strange and dread ex-

tremities of suffering. The English Opium-eater, whose experience in this way was preternaturally stimulated by artificial means, has told us how he seemed every night to descend—and that not metaphorically, but literally—downwards and still downwards into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he could ever reascend; and how over every form, and threat, and punishment, that was connected with the monstrous scenery of his dreams, there brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove him into an oppression as of madness. What a vague grandeur there is in Coleridge's painfully powerful fragment, with this very title of the *Pains of Sleep*—what a wild energy of description, at once dim and significant, concentrated and diffused!—

"But yester-night I prayed aloud  
In anguish and in agony,  
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:  
*A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom I scorned, those only strong!*  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
Still baffled, and yet burning still!  
Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
On wild or hateful objects fixed.  
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!  
And shame and terror over all!  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know,  
Whether I suffered or I did," &c.

The dismay wrought by the night so "saddened and stunned," he says, "the coming day," that

"Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
Distemper's worst calamity—"

and when his own loud scream awoke him from this appalling tyranny, overtaxed nature gave way, and, "o'ercome with sufferings strange and wild, he wept as he had been a child." In a letter of his, printed in Joseph Cottle's *Recollections*, Coleridge says—"Night is my hell—sleep my tormenting angel! Three nights out of four, I fall asleep, struggling to lie awake, and my frequent night-screams have almost made me a nuisance in the house. Dreams with me are no shadows, but the very calamities of my life." How lamentable an agency opium had in all this, the good brother of

"Amos Cottle (Phœbus! what a name!)"  
has signified with piteous emphasis.

It is time to have finished this "gallimaufry" of quotations and allusions. But before doing so, we may glance at the ever and everywhere recognized affinity between Sleep, and that which subdues in deeper repose its keenest Pains and Pleasures, the Shadow of Death. According to Shelley and the poets, Death and Sleep are brothers,—one pale as the waning moon, with its lips of lurid blue—the other rosy as the morn up-rising over ocean waves—both passing wonderful. The reader will remember Wolcot's translation of Warton's celebrated epigram, inscribed under a garden-statue of Somnus (*Somnus levis, &c.*)—

"Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,  
And, though Death's image, to my couch repair;  
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,  
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!"

Sleep is, sometimes, as a living philosopher expresses it, "the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements." Such has been the *Euthanasia* coveted by some—to pass away from the clasp of the one brother to the embrace of the other—just as, when the curse of Kehama was exhausted,

"—the Lord of Death  
With love benignant on Ladurlad smiled,  
And gently on his head his blessing laid,  
As sweetly as a Child,  
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,  
Tired with long play, at close of summer day,  
Lies down and slumbers,  
Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,  
By Yamen blest Ladurlad sunk to rest."

Such an *Euthanasia* may come indeed to few; none may look for what is called a "happy release" from mortal ills, none should expect that after life's fitful fever they shall "sleep well," but those who are working out in daily probation the counsel of another poet—

"So LIVE, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

From Chambers' Journal.

## A PAIR OF AUSTRIAN STATESMEN.

A WORK has recently been translated from the German, forming part of a series of volumes, by the same author, entitled the *History of the German Courts since the Reformation*, and it is perhaps the most important and most interesting portion of the work—certainly the portion likely to have most attractions for the English reader.\* The author's style of writing is not remarkable for its elegance or brilliancy; he is no Macaulay or Carlyle in the historical composition; his work commands attention, and owes its acceptability to a certain minuteness of historic detail, and to a liberal admixture of personal anecdote, such as would rarely be presented by writers who aspire to what is called the "dignity of history." Dr. Vehse, indeed, altogether disclaims the pretensions implied in this imposing term. Quoting the saying of Horace Walpole, he says: "I am no historian; I draw characters, I preserve anecdotes, which my superiors, the historians, may encase into their weighty annals, or pass over at their pleasure." The result of his researches is a mass of facts and anecdotes sufficiently significant and curious to form a more than usually picturesque and entertaining compilation.

One feature of these Memoirs, which we cannot but consider admirable, is their marked appearance of veracity. The author tells the truth, so far as he knows it, without the slightest apprehension or misgiving—tells it, indeed, with a certain *insouciance* and innocence of manner which seems to indicate that he conceived that was the sole thing required of him. As a consequence of his simplicity, he has involved himself in difficulties; for, while his books have been extremely popular in Germany, he himself has been exceedingly unpopular with the ruling powers: most of his volumes have been proscribed by one or another of the German states; and we learn from the newspapers that he is now, or was lately, expiating a little extra carelessness or audacity, in relation to the court of Württemberg, by a six months' imprisonment.

The court of Austria has not been remarkable for the talent or magnanimity of its representatives. The rulers of this nation have had a fortune out of all proportion to their merits. Were it not proverbial that the world is governed by very little wisdom, one would be surprised at the number of imbecile and half-insane persons who have exercised despotic sway as members of the House of

Hapsburg. With two or three exceptions, they have all been foolish, tyrannical, and bigoted in excess; but they were all, or nearly all, extremely lucky in their dynastic and political relations. No royal family in Europe has been so highly favored by accident and circumstances. This is accounted for, in part, though not entirely, by the circumstance, that most of the Austrian potentates, through lucky accident or judicious choice, had able generals and statesmen in their service, who, using the power acquired by their talents, gained or took upon themselves considerable liberty of action. It is not of such men, however, as Wallenstein or Prince Eugene we wish to speak; we will rather turn to what may be called the curiosities of the Austrian court. Prince Lobkowitz, for instance, prime-minister for a while under Leopold I., is worth glancing at, as a member of the class of officials who have exercised great power in the country.

"Lobkowitz was fond of pleasure, and a master of the art of enjoying it, such as Vienna had never seen before; but unfortunately he was also a slave, fettered by those chains of roses which he forged for himself: women and money-brokers were said to have had the key to all his secrets. Lobkowitz possessed neither virtue nor greatness; but he possessed much gentleness of disposition and a refined taste, which gave him the superiority over all his countrymen. His jovial easy humor imparted to his conversation a singularly fascinating charm; the emperor, who, notwithstanding his own gravity and pompousness, was particularly fond of the society of merry people and merry ministers, was never happy without him. He was full of animal spirits and liveliness, teeming with wit, and always ready with some pretty *bon-mot* or other. A happy knack of intrigue, by means of which he understood how 'to push affairs,' served him instead of a confirmed habit of business and industry. His keen wit turned everything and everybody into ridicule; not even sparing the emperor, of whom, with a frankness bordering on the most thoughtless indiscretion, he one day said to the Marquis de Gremonville, the French ambassador: 'The emperor is not like your king, who does everything himself; but like a statue, which is carried about and placed or moved at convenience.'"

Lobkowitz always hated and opposed the Jesuits, and did his utmost to circumvent their schemes of policy. His keen wit had been directed against them in all sorts of scurrilous pamphlets and gross caricatures. The emperor, on the other hand, a weak and superstitious devotee, rather favored them; and they did not fail to take advantage of his friendly disposition. According to Dr.

\* *Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr. E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demmler. 2 vols. Longman, London. 1866.

Vehse: "His treasury was constantly at the very lowest ebb; but whilst the troops, kept for months without their pay, often plundered their own master's provinces, Leopold lavished his bounties on the Jesuits with unsparing hand. Lobkowitz in several instances prevented these foolish gifts, and even had the courage to annul one of the most important by tearing the title-deed in shreds, which would have conferred on the order the whole of the rich county of Glatz, in Silesia. . . . Even his last will, which was executed in all legal form and publicly read, bore witness to the sarcastic humor with which he loved to lash the 'Spanish priests.' The introduction was couched in terms of the most piteous and humble contrition; after which, he proceeded to bestow on the reverend fathers, as a token of the love he always bore to them, and for the gladdening of their hearts, 80,000 — here the page ended; when the reader turned the leaf he found — 'board-nails for a new building.' " Fancy the face of a Jesuit changing from the flush of expectation to the glummiest expression of mortified discomposure, on hearing such a bequest read forth in public!

The fall of Lobkowitz as minister was sudden and unanticipated. He was driving at ten o'clock in the morning, on the 17th of October 1674, to his usual audience with the emperor, when he was arrested by a captain of the body-guard, and found himself unceremoniously deprived of all his dignities and honors. The imperial order was to the effect "that Lobkowitz being dismissed from his offices and honors, should leave, within three days, the court and the imperial capital, and betake himself to his estate of Raudnitz in Bohemia, where he was to remain in exile without ever absenting himself or corresponding with any one. The cause of all this he should never ask to know: if he dared to disobey, he should forfeit his life and all his property." During his reverse of fortune, his jovial spirits never failed him. "He had at Raudnitz a hall got up, one half with princely splendor, and the other half as a miserable hovel. In one half he lived and occupied himself as be behoed his former splendid station; in the other as was suited to his deep fall; and on all the walls he wrote ridiculous or scandalous anecdotes of the lives of his enemies. He died on the 22d of April, 1677, at the age of sixty-nine, having received, after the death of the Empress Claudia, for his solace, some marks of favor from the emperor, and the assurance that he had not deserved any punishment."

In similar style to this, our author sketches most of his courtly and political characters. As a further specimen of the work, and for the purpose of introducing a very singular

man, not likely to be much known to our readers, we will extract a paragraph or two from the chapters referring to Prince Kaunitz. He was considered the greatest man in Vienna in the times of Maria Theresa. Kaunitz has been called the Richelieu of Austria; but he performed that character in a less sanguinary style than the French original. He did everything by diplomacy, and was the oracle of all the political intrigues of the eighteenth century. Down to the breaking out of the Revolution in France, he used to be called "the Driver of the European Coach." We do not propose to enter into an account of his diplomatic manoeuvrings, but simply to take note of some of the main personal features which marked his individuality, and gave its peculiar piquancy to his character.

"Kaunitz," says Dr. Vehse, "was one of the most singular men who have ever lived. Sprung from an original Slavonic race, he rose like a meteor in the official sky of Austria. In him the ponderous but sterling and steady Austro-German character was, in a most peculiar and original manner, blended with the mercurial versatility of the French man of the world. . . . He was, besides, the most remarkable mixture of great and petty qualities. Just as in an almost fabulous degree he had all the foibles of gallantry and vanity, he also was eminently possessed of the very sort of routine and diplomatic skill that was best fitted for the world in which he lived." During the whole of his life, he paid particular attention to his toilet, which was at all times to him an affair of paramount importance. He was always dressed in good taste, and, on particular occasions, even with magnificence; but he did not much concern himself about conforming to the prescribed regulations of costume. "From the very beginning of his being in power," writes Baron Fürst, "Kaunitz placed himself above the court etiquette. With the Spanish costume, he wore white (instead of red) stockings, and made his appearance with a bag to his wig, and with a large muff. Although he had been told to comply with existing customs, he would not always do so. He was everywhere, except when at court, accompanied by a large bulldog." His wig was a remarkable article of the tie description, with a profusion of curls, which, to cover every wrinkle on his forehead, ran across it in a zigzag line. He seems to have been the inventor of the fantastic art of powdering, practised also by the famous Prince de Ligne, "who used to walk to and fro through a double line of servants, each of whom had a different shade of hair powder, white, blue, yellow, and pink, to throw at his wig, which, after this

operation, exhibited what was considered to be the perfection of evenness and coloring."

Kaunitz was exact and methodical in all his doings. "In the morning and evening of every day, he arranged his writing-table with the strictest symmetry, putting pens and pencils, piece by piece, parallel to each other; also, whilst dictating to his secretary, he would frequently wipe the dust from the vases, picture-frames, and chests in his room. Every evening he noted down on a paper all that he intended to do on the following day. . . . Every morning he awoke at nine o'clock, and began to work with his secretaries from eleven to twelve; remaining all the while in bed, as his chamber was also his principal room of business. Even Joseph, when emperor, came to him there. Kaunitz very rarely read or wrote anything himself, but had always some one to read to him, and dictated everything. Whilst listening or speaking, he sat stiff and immovable. Equally stiff and erect was his gait, even in his eightieth year. His manner of saluting was also very characteristic; it was scarcely more than a nod, his friends being at the same time acknowledged with a paternal smile, and all the rest with the air of a protector. He always spoke slowly and deliberately, looking as Charles V. used to do, either upwards or fixedly before him. He never under any circumstances betrayed, either by his gait or by his speech, any inward emotion, however strongly he might feel it. Many who lived with him for years have stated that, like Louis XIV., he had never been seen to laugh."

Though covered in, as it were, with an outward show of French foppery and affectation, this extraordinary man had in him a most substantial groundwork of sterling German earnestness and solidity. He hated all superficiality in business, and performed well and carefully whatsoever he undertook. "He not only was capable of thorough-going and intense exertion, but the whole of his life was devoted in reality to deep thought and strenuously sustained work; and all his domestic arrangements, his daily diet, and tender care for his health, were merely intended as means for maintaining in him that ease and freedom of mind which he conceived to be necessary for his graver purposes."

Some curious traits are given us of the prince's domestic habits, which may be noticed on account of their singularity. He kept a very great house in Vienna, but the company which he entertained were not allowed to interrupt his daily routine, or any way interfere with his personal comfort. "He every day kept an open table, covers being laid in the earlier part of his career

for twelve, afterwards for sixteen or eighteen guests. But as he used to send his invitations only on the same day, and very late, at an hour when most people had accepted elsewhere, it would sometimes happen that only a few persons sat down with him. . . . The table was most exquisitely supplied; but the guests, according to the statement of the English tourist Swinburne, were expected not to touch certain particular dishes of the dessert which were reserved for the prince's own use. Swinburne asserts that, when he once neglected the warning which had been given on that score, Kaunitz sulked with him for several days. . . . If the prince accepted an invitation in any other house, his host, whatever might be his rank, had to allow Kaunitz's cook to supply the principal dishes of his master—who, in this respect, went so far as to have the wine, the bread, and even the water sent to him from his own house. Every one submitted to these conditions, as otherwise Kaunitz would not come at all. This peculiarity was not exactly owing to a dread of being poisoned, but to his anxious care for his health, as he was always fearful lest he should eat anything that might disorder his stomach. After the meal, whether at home or dining out, Kaunitz would take from his pocket his famous apparatus for cleansing his mouth, and with the greatest unconcern, use it before the whole company for at least a quarter of an hour, during which operation he made all sorts of disagreeable noises. This apparatus consisted of a complete and most varied set of instruments; as, for instance, several small looking-glasses, to examine the teeth back and front, small linen rags, brushes, and other contrivances. Once, when he was preparing to do this at the table of the French ambassador, Baron Breteuil, the latter said to his guests: 'Levons nous, le prince veut être seul.' The prince, who was then left alone, used his instruments in solitude; but from that time he never dined out again."

It is a singular thing respecting Kaunitz, that he never enjoyed fresh air; he was of opinion that it did not agree with him. His rooms and carriages were accordingly closed from its intrusion; and when, during the most oppressive heat of the dog-days, he sometimes sat for a short time in an arm-chair in his garden, or walked a few steps from his residence to the royal palace, he always carefully covered his mouth with a handkerchief. His humor or infirmity in this respect was well understood and provided for by his imperial mistress. "When he came to Maria Theresa, who had generally one or more windows open, and who, without any danger to her health, could sit for

hours in the strongest draught, all the windows were immediately closed as soon as the prince 'was announced.' Besides his dislike to fresh air, Kaunitz took no exercise, save in the shape of a game at billiards and a brief ride on horseback. His horsemanship was marked by his usual eccentricity. "Every afternoon, before dinner, he rode three horses, each for the same number of minutes, in the riding-school, which in winter was lighted up with a profusion of lamps. He kept horses from all parts of Europe. Only in the very warmest weather he ventured to take a ride in a bosquet in his palace-garden at Mariahilf. He had different suits of clothes, regulated according to the temperature of the day, to prevent his catching cold. . . . In all the rooms of his house, thermometers were hung, to regulate the heat of the stoves. . . . But Kaunitz was never ill, and reached the ripe age of eighty-four years. If ever he was at all indisposed, he cured himself with an electuary which he had brought from Paris, and of which he had a new supply sent to him by every courier."

With all this fastidious habit, we are told, no one ever understood better than Kaunitz did the art of making life pleasant to himself and to others; no one ever took such anxious care of his life. It seemed as if he thought that, with due caution, he might almost live forever. He never appears to have concerned himself about the final change which must some day come. "Whatever could remind him of dying was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words 'death' and 'small-pox.' He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder; but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the 'inoculation' of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox. His birthday also was never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raitz, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: 'Baron Binder is no longer to be found.' The prince, after several moments' silence, replied: 'Est-il mort? Il était cependant assez vieux.' Binder was one year and a half younger than Kaunitz. To another of his readers, Secretary Harrer, at that time a man of sixty, he once said: 'Mais comment est-il possible, que de jeunes gens, comme vous, oublient des choses pareilles?' The news of the death of Frederick

the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's with notifications of King Frederick William. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, showing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven: 'Alas! when will such a king again ennoble the diadem?' When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words: 'The emperor signs no more.' The death of his sister, Countess Quastenbergh, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner, he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him: Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes — four years after her death!"

But we must leave Kaunitz, and turn to some of the minor anecdotes which are liberally sprinkled throughout the book. Here and there in the two volumes we obtain curious glimpses of court-amusements. When Peter the Great of Russia visited Vienna, in the reign of Leopold I., he was entertained with a grand masquerade called a "Tavern," of which we have the following description: "The emperor personated the landlord, and the empress the landlady of the tavern. The other masks appeared in the dress of the different European or eastern nations; or as gipsies, gardeners, shepherds, peasants of different countries, quacks, brigands, waiters, &c. These characters were supported by the arch-dukes and arch-duchesses, and by the princes then staying at Vienna, including the highest nobility of Austria. One illustrious guest was Prince Eugene, who had just before won the great battle of Zenta; he appeared in the character of a waiter to the imperial tavernkeeper. The emperor and empress, as 'mine host and mine hostess,' sat at the top of the table; the princes and princesses, counts and countesses, cavaliers and ladies, drew lots for their several places. The company having, after supper, returned to the ball-room, the czar, as a Frisian peasant, danced with indefatigable energy until daylight, all the while singing Russian ditties, and flinging his lady about in the true style of village swains. He was so taken with his partner, the beautiful Countess Johanna Thurn, who, like him, wore the Frisian costume, that he would scarcely allow her to leave his side. At

table, the emperor, as 'mine host,' rose and went up to the Frisian peasant with a magnificent crystal cup, pledging to him the health of the Grand Czar of Muscovy. Peter then took the cup from Leopold's mouth, and said in very fair German: 'I know the Czar of Muscovy very well, inside and outside; he is a friend of your imperial majesty, and an enemy of your enemies; and so heartily devoted to the emperor, that, even if there were rank poison in this cup, he would forthwith without demur drink it at your command.' With this he drained the tankard, and returned it empty to the emperor, who begged him to accept of it as a present—a request to which the czar at once acceded, assuring his host that as long as he lived his heart and this glass should be at the service of his majesty. Then turning to the king of the Romans, the czar said that 'his majesty, being still young, might bear more than his father, the emperor; on the strength of which Peter pledged him in eight successive cups. After this feat, the czar embraced and kissed the king, lifted him up in his arms, and was in high glee.'

During this visit to Vienna, Peter tried to

advance his own political objects by all the arts of flattery, and even by bribing ministers. All were not, however, accessible either to his flatteries or his bribes. The privy-councillor, Count Strattman, to whom the czar sent a magnificent casket inlaid with lapis lazuli and tourquoises, returned it unopened, with the remark: "Let the czar give it to some other minister who has better deserved of him." Hearing which, Peter broke out into a laugh, saying: "A thorough fool, but for once an honest one!"

In concluding our slight notice of these Memoirs, we may say to readers desirous of obtaining a general conception of Austrian history, that they will here find what they wish for. No other book known to us, in relation to the subject, is better fitted for general perusal, or is likely to be so acceptable to so large a number of inquirers. Much of it is of the nature of personal gossip; but the gossip commonly illustrates more important matters; and, considering the unpretending character of the work, we must pronounce it, upon the whole, well deserving of its popularity.

**EFFECT OF COLOR UPON HEALTH.**—From several years' observation in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms, and occupied by females for twelve hours per day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's rays penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted from one side only, or rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz., that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill, and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could affect the one room more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the cheerful workers was wholly whitewashed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with yellow ochre. I had the yellow ochre washed off, and the walls and ceilings whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this

discovery, I extended my observations to a number of smaller rooms and garrets, and found, without exception, that the occupiers of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of the yellow or buff-colored rooms; and wherever I succeeded in inducing the occupiers of the yellow room to change the color for whitewash, I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. — *Correspondent of the Builder.*

A QUACK medicine vendor lodging at a clergyman's, and requiring her patients to send a hackney coach to fetch her, is not a person to be met with every day, so she shall introduce herself:

*"A Safe and Speedy Remedy to give Ease in the Gout."*

By a plaister that draws out the pain and strengthens the part; takes 'off the fitt in a night's time. Several persons that have made use of it have never had the gout since. It is to be had of a gentlewoman that lives at the Rev. Mr. Sharp's in Stepney Churchyard.

"N.B.—She goes not to any person out of the neighborhood, without a coach being sent for her." — *Daily Postboy*, Oct. 19, 1728.

From The Spectator.

### SOUTHEY'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.\*

THE conclusion of these supplementary letters to Southey's "Life and Correspondence" extends from 1815 to 1839. The quarter of a century is one of which many readers will have some actual knowledge; so that the political or literary incidents, and the names of public characters mentioned in the letters, will have for such a species of personal interest. With Southey's extensive reading, his copious fertility of ideas and language, his intimate connection with men of mark, and to a certain extent with public events, it would be impossible for him to write eleven hundred pages without some solid value and charm of style. Passages of this kind, however, are rather the exception than the rule. There is perhaps less of repetition in these third and fourth volumes with regard to the letters in the *Life* than appeared in the first and second; but the same things are frequently repeated in different words to different correspondents. The objection taken to the former volumes applies to this—there is too much of Southey the individual. Although the current topics are nearer to our own days, and the writer had greatly advanced in public repute and the prestige of reputation, having for some years been singled out (very unjustly) as an incarnation of Toryism and the *Quarterly Review*, he does not reach a more extensive range. When he does touch upon public affairs, his want of statesmanlike grasp or even political sagacity is conspicuous. With the rabid insolence of old Toryism he had no sympathy—it was one of his grounds of quarrel with Gifford and the *Quarterly*; but he was one with the old Tories in all the narrow notions that brought about their downfall—their furious hatred of political economy, economists, and free trade—their opposition to any advance towards religious liberty—their call for stronger measures (he would have transported for sedition)—their dislike to the liberal members of their own party, and it would seem to the amelioration of our then Draconian criminal law. With the Whigs or Reformers he had little in common; still he was rather with them on the Slave question, and with

the more consistent philanthropists on the Factory Bill. Hence Southey stands alone in his ideas; or if he agrees with any one it is with Michael Thomas Sadler during the time when that gentleman was famous. Read from twenty to forty years after their utterance, his vaticinations seem wild; though not wilder, perhaps, than those of men who had much greater worldly experience, during the heat of the Reform contest. Indeed, Southey was less desponding than many of that time; he threw the future upon Providence.

There would have been more substance in the book had there been more of politics and public events; but the great staple matter is Southey himself. In his feelings and his reflections upon life, suggested by its inevitable changes, there is a biographical interest; in his almost incessant ill-will towards the *Quarterly Review*, there is a singular feature in his literary life, as well as in some of his communications with various publishers. These things, indeed, form but a small portion of the correspondence; it is Southey in an egotistical sense that constitutes the bulk. Much of this rests not with the writer but the editor, in printing letters of a purely familiar or personal character, never intended for publication, and by their nature unfitted for it. With opportunity the self-opinion comes out glaringly. "The life to come in every poet's creed," is the text upon all occasions, whether it be a better sale of his poems, the greater value of his copyrights, or the ignominy with which he will overwhelm his enemies in future times.

One of the most prominent subjects, though not the most considerable in bulk, is Southey's dissatisfaction with the *Quarterly Review*. The correspondence almost opens with that topic, and it continues to turn up till nearly the close; by which time Southey, having got other sources of regular income, seems to have pretty well withdrawn from the *Review*. He appears to have been no stranger to the craft-feeling which prompted Campbell's jeer, that, much as he disliked Bonaparte for his tyranny and waste of life, he forgave him as he had shot a bookseller. The more tangible grounds of Southey's complaints were, that Gifford altered his articles by omissions or interpolations, with some political or other purpose; sometimes strove to improve his style by absurd amendments. He was angry with

\* Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, &c., &c. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warton, B. D., Christ Church, Oxford; Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex. In four volumes. Vols. III. and IV. Published by Longman and Co.

the coarse insolence of Gifford's editorship : and there were some grounds for *that* feeling, as he had to bear the brunt of it with the Liberals. He disapproved of the tone adopted towards America ; and of the greater liberality of the politics as Ministers found it necessary to become more liberal, which he called timidity. He had also likes and dislikes of a more personal nature. If brought together, the whole would form a singular feature, not only in Southey's literary career, but in literary history ; though doubtless there is another side to the story. The following is curious as showing Southey's vanity in supposing he could aid the Duke of Wellington's fame, but still more as representing the Duke, among the multifarious occupations of the Waterloo year, concerning himself about the proof-sheets of the *Quarterly Review*.

"To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Streatnam, Nov. 17, 1815.

"My dear Grosvenor — I have written a letter to Gifford, which I shall not be able to dispatch till to-morrow, when the proof may accompany it. I hope he will show it you. What effect it may produce, Heaven knows. Bring with you the sheets of the article in their original state, when you come to Queen Anne Street ; they are become curious. It is not unlikely that I may offend Croker by the manner in which (without alluding to him) I have pointed out the impolicy and injustice of his interpolations. If it be so, so it may be. He may say what he pleases in his own person, and call black white if he likes it, but it is presuming too much to do this in mine. Fools that these people are ! as if there were any living man who is more disposed to render full justice to the Duke of Wellington than I am, or who had equally *the will and the power to bestow upon him the highest and most lasting praise*. God bless you.

R. S."

About a fortnight later, he writes to another correspondent —

"I had no opportunity, when last we met, to tell you what has passed concerning the *Quarterly Review*. In consequence of my letter to Gifford, which you saw, I found that the interpolations came from no less a personage than the Duke himself, who thought proper, through Croker, to make me his tool. I spoke as became me upon the occasion ; insisted upon stopping the press, carried my point, struck out the falsehoods which had been inserted, and replaced what had been struck out. Upon seeing the former part of the article, (the proofs of

which had not been sent me,) I find a passage interpolated about the Convention of Cintra, which is contrary to my own expressed opinion. This I shall resist, and insist upon it that nothing hereafter be inserted in any paper of mine without my consent ; otherwise I will withdraw from the work. I had an interview at the Admiralty after the business, and it was curious to observe how carefully the subject was avoided, and yet what concessions were made and civilities shown in reference to it."

Anecdotes of famous men, or notices so short as to read like anecdotes, will be found. Of these we glean several with the date annexed.

*Davy*, 1821. — "You speak of Davy in one of your letters. When you saw him at Bristol, I was in habits of the greatest intimacy with him. That intimacy has fallen off, less from remoteness of place and dissimilarity of pursuits than because of the effect which high life and prosperity have produced upon him ; an effect which has been such, that for many years I have felt more pain in his company, from remembering what he was, than any pleasure to be derived from his conversation would compensate. A great man most unquestionably he is in one line, but in that line he would be even greater than he is if the world had less hold upon him. It has made him vain, selfish, and sensual ; and weaned him from all his old friends."

*Canning*, 1822. — "I was invited to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's. It is the opinion of his friends that if he accepts office the House of Commons will kill him in two or three years. In reality, flesh and blood is not equal to such wear and tear as is exacted from an English Minister in these times. I told him plainly that the present state of things was a contest between wickedness and weakness, and that there needed no spirit of prophecy to foresee what the event must be."

*Disraeli, the Elder*, 1822. — "I am looking through Disraeli's '*New Curiosities*.' He is a man whom I generally dine with when I visit London. An oddly-furnished head he has, and an odd sort of creature he is altogether ; thoroughly goodnatured — the strangest mixture of information and ignorance, cleverness and folly. Having ceased to be a Jew himself, without becoming a Christian, he has, happily for his children, allowed Sharon Turner to take them quietly to church and have them christened."

*The present Bishop of Exeter*, 1825. — "Dr. Phillpotts writes to me that he means to answer the theological part of Butler's book. It is by such controversy that he

made his way to a stall at Durham, and afterwards to the living of Stanhope, of sufficient value not to be tenable with that stall. Very probably he has his eye upon something higher; which he is not unlikely to attain. The Bishop of Durham has been his patron thus far. He is a clever man, who knows the world and understands very well what he is about."

*Mrs. Coutts, 1827.*—"Now let me tell you that Sir William Curtis spake truly when he said that wonders will never have done ceasing, for I have been hooked into an acquaintance with the Duchess of St. Albans, and have eaten of potato-pie made by her gracious hands! Certainly she can never have been half so entertaining on the stage as she is off it, nor have represented any character so extraordinary as her own. What think you of a letter of congratulation on her recent marriage from the King—in his own hand, and signed 'your sincere friend, G. R.'? This I saw! And what think you of letters from \* \* \* \* \* bearing testimony to her virtue, and declaring that he was indebted to her, not only for the happiness of his latter life—but for his better hopes of happiness in the life to come! I could tell you of her bonnet, which, for its amplitude and spreading shade, was compared by the vicar of this parish to the Banyan tree; and of her upper lip, which is like that of one who had been a Nazarene from her mother's womb; and of a story she told—which is so good a story that I will reserve it for the pleasure of telling it to you when we meet."

*Scott and Mackintosh; Closing Scenes, 1832.*—"Poor Scott! when he arrived in London he was incapable of recognizing any one; but on the following day his senses so far recovered that he knew Lockhart and his daughter. The case is utterly hopeless, and, very possibly, may by this time be over. Mackintosh is said to have died believing and hoping: his mind had for many months taken that turn. The last time I saw him was in November, 1830, before the change of Ministry. The affairs of France were talked of, and I said to him, 'You and I, Sir James, are a little too old now to sing our *Nunc dimittis* for a second French Revolution.' He assented to what I said, with a sad smile and a sigh. Poor man! he was the slave of his improvidence, of his former faults, and of his party, and during the latter part of his life spoke and acted in direct opposition to his own real and recorded opinions."

"His brain was the largest that has ever been examined. Yet a deal more has come out of other heads, though probably there are very few in this generation in which so much has been stored."

*Gladstone, 1833.*—"Great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the Member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning. I have always some fears for such reputations; they sometimes upset the bearer, and they often indicate more dexterity than strength: but I hope he may not disappoint his friends."

In a long career, friends drop off, and changes take place in the writer himself. These are not the least interesting topics, from the melancholy tone of the writer's reflections, or the lesson they point. Here is a reference to a man whose name was writ in water, or in what is equally unstable—conversation; but it is life, death and the moral to be drawn from them. The date is 1831.

"I have just lost, in Duppa, one whom I had known eight-and-thirty years, and who, though less to me than a friend, was more than an acquaintance. I saw him in December last, after an interval of two or three years, and was then startled at seeing how very much he was altered during that interval; his face having become aged, and his flesh fallen away. It seems to have been a case of climacteric disease, as described by Sir Henry Hallford. He was not conscious of being ill. Indeed, Sharon Turner describes him as being 'happy and well as usual,' when he saw him on the Thursday. Monday night he complained of some fatigue from walking and from the heat. On Thursday morning his laundress went to one of his friends to say that he had not been well during the two preceding days, but would not let any one be sent for till that morning. The friend went immediately, found him alarmingly weak and in bed, went for a physician, and that physician at first sight pronounced him to be in a hopeless state. Brandy failed to rouse him: he was sensible, but did not speak, and breathed his last that afternoon. No doubt his life might have been prolonged, if he had not been a bachelor living in chambers. I hardly know why I have written to you about one whose name perhaps you will not recognize, except as having belonged to a bishop. That bishop was of his family and of mine also."

"Some passages in 'Espricella's Letters' are of Duppa's writing. He was a clever, singular, lively, and most agreeable man. One mistake in life he made, which lowered in my esteem, though it was entirely forgiven by the person whom it most concerned; if he had not made that mistake he might probably have been living at this time. As it is, death is best for him, for every year

would now have diminished his enjoyment of society, and his powers of entertaining those in whose society he lived. This was a sort of life which he preferred, upon calculation, to a domestic one; and it is well for him that he has not lived to feel more bitterly than he has sometimes felt that he had miscalculated. I liked him, and lose in him one of the few remaining links that connected me with my youth. \* \* \*

"Though he had lost ground in my esteem, still I liked him. I dare say he lost ground

in his own at the same time. The longer he had lived, the more he must have felt that he had made an erroneous estimate, and attached too much value to the pleasure of what is called good society. Bitterly he would have felt this when he became incapable of administering to its amusements; and that time must have come, and could not have been far distant. For himself, therefore, it is better that he has been removed before the burden of age came upon him, and by so easy a decay."

When London shopkeepers still dwelt over their shops, and "merchant princes" resided at their places of business, there were few offices to be had in the city. The shipbrokers, agents, and smaller fry, therefore transacted their business at taverns. Thus:

"THE CHANDOIS, Sloop,

"Tobias Jewers, Commander,

"Sails to-morrow morning for Rotterdam, now lying at St. Katherine's to take in goods and passengers, and may be spoke with every day at Batson's Coffee House, over against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, or at the Red Lion and Sun, in Swithin's Alley, or at John Dodmead's at the King of Spain's Head, near St. Katherine's Stairs, and upon Exchange at Exchange time, and after Change at the White Lion Tavern in Cornhill.

"JOHN TWYMAN, for the Master."

*Daily Courant*, May 7, 1728.

No wonder that John Twyman's notions of the construction of sentences were rather obscure! — *Notes and Queries*.

**SURGICAL OPERATIONS UNDER CHLOROFORM, &c.** — Has the following passage been "noted" in your pages? If not, it would be curious to non-medical readers, like myself, to know whether opium, or what is supposed to have been made use of more than two hundred years ago by the "old surgeons," "who, ere they show their art, cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part," &c.; and whether the use of ether, and subsequently of chloroform, in surgical operations, is merely a revival in these enlightened days of some heretofore forgotten practice of the "dark ages," or whether it is really something new?

*Women beware Women*, tragedy by Thos. Middleton, first printed 1657, Act IV. Sc. 1.:

"Hippolito. Yes, my lord,  
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,  
Which she shall never know till it be acted;  
And, when she wakes to honor, then she'll  
thank me for't.

*I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons  
To this lost limb; who, ere they show their  
art,*

*Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part;  
So, out of love to her I pity most,  
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;  
Then she'll commend the cure."*

— *Notes and Queries*.

**ASIATIC MYSTERIES.** — The *Amsterdamsche Courant* contains the following:

"It is well known that East Indians have many inventions unknown to Europeans, and that they possess secrets incomprehensible to us. The Chinese understood the art of printing several centuries before Western nations, and they also used gunpowder a long time before it was known in Europe. In Bengal the art of serpent-charming strikes foreigners with astonishment. In Chili the Spaniards instituted a system of rapid correspondence by means of the human voice, which at that period went ahead of every other mode of communication. In the kingdom of Montezuma videttes were established at stated distances, who transmitted the orders of government, and forwarded information with the utmost rapidity from one end of the kingdom to the other.

"It is a recognized fact in British India, that, in 1815, the Governor of Bengal received notice of a sudden revolt of the tribes of the interior. His informants proved that the natives had obtained information of the Allies having lost the first day of Waterloo, (Quatres Bras). The rebels also knew, a short time subsequently, that the battle (Waterloo) had been gained by the British and their allies. *Three weeks later* the Governor received official notice of this event, which news had been immediately expedited to him by the Duke of Wellington, by means of couriers dispatched from the battle-field.

"A similar circumstance has just taken place. Letters received lately from Calcutta announce that the European mail is awaited with much anxiety, as the people of the interior have already received the anticipated news of the conclusion of peace. This news of which, as yet, the European population know nothing, and could know nothing, because no mail had arrived, had reached Calcutta in advance of steam, and even distanced the telegraph (from Bombay to Calcutta.)"

## SPECULATION IN FRANCE.

ENGLAND and FRANCE are legislating in contrary directions on the important subject of commercial association. England no longer restricts the employment of the money of many with the responsibility of all, having seen the necessity of relaxing a rigor in this respect which prevented poor men from associating their small capital, and favored too much the monopoly of the rich. France, on the other hand, has found the disadvantage in its present circumstances of too great a degree of liberty; and the Emperor has been compelled to abridge, by a severe law, the facilities for the formation of anonymous companies.

Both countries may undergo inconvenience from meddling with so great and universal an agent as money, but the motives operating in both cases are manifest enough. The continued division of property in France is such that hardly anything can be done there by individual capital or enterprise, whereas in England the means of employing small capitals has borne no proportion whatever to the facilities for creating them.

In England has existed, time out of mind, a large and important class, possessed of enterprise and knowledge, both of which they devoted to the cultivation, quite apart from the possession, of the soil. The capital gained and accumulated in their thrifty hands has been for the greater part employed in the same industry and the same calling; and one has but to look round with pride on the results of such individual enterprise and skill, applied to the soil of England.

France, on the contrary, has no such race. Whatever tendency may have existed in its corresponding class to farm was prevented, first, by the aristocracy, who would neither give freedom nor fair condition, and secondly, by the revolution. The cultivator of the French soil is its possessor, who, assailed by all the cares and temptations of proprietorship, seldom or ever is able to make land a foundation for commercial enterprise, or for money-making. He lives on it, and that suffices. At every death one brother seeks to buy the portion of the other, and runs into debt to do so. Instead, therefore of the cultivator having money to employ on the land, he is obliged to extract money to pay interest of borrowed capital, and to feed himself besides. This created a system of its own, and a bad system, no doubt: still it went on in a regular channel, and with certain ascertainable results. All who had money, or who could save money in the provinces, lent it to the landed proprietor as long as he could pay interest;

and when he could no longer do so, the rustic capitalist became proprietor himself, his children becoming indebted in their turn.

All this machinery, however, has been destroyed, and all these habits broken in upon, since the rise and extension of commercial enterprises in shares, which have absorbed not merely the money of the town capitalist in speculation, but also that of the provincial. In addition to the railroads, which of course interested each locality, and carried off a great part of its money, Government itself appeared with its loans, and gathered up the savings of the peasant, who, on seeing the funds rise, and realizing a little profit, straightway acquired the greed for stock-jobbing. The result of this, and of its consequences in multiplying *sociétés en commandite* and anonymous companies, has been entirely to carry away the fund hitherto reserved for the necessities of the agriculturist. In short, what between failure of crops and dearth of money, increased taxes and prices and inadequate production, the numerous class of French landed proprietors are in a deplorable condition.

To arrest the madness of speculation, to cause to flow back to the rustic rivulet, the capital which has rushed into the great town channels, forms now one of the great solicitudes of the Imperial Government; and well it may, for its own measures and domestic outlay have immensely developed and augmented the evil. Hence all the laws submitted lately to the so-called Legislative body, for giving millions to draining, for checking the erection of companies with capital in shares, and so on. All are efforts in the direction of meeting an evil most directly created by the Government itself. The Imperial system has drained the country of its men and its money, both of which it has tempted to migrate to the towns. Were all such industrious gamblers and speculators, indeed, really prosperous, one might in time see the money realized by them pour back in a fertilizing stream upon the country. But either the hour has not arrived, or the gambling is not really prosperous. There is a vast difference between the genuine enterprise which creates wealth, and the mock one which consists in robbing it from one's dupes and neighbors.

There is great expenditure in France, especially in Paris, there is great activity, great increase of prices, most abundant accumulating of salaries, in a word, there are all the external signs of prosperity. But every one can see that nothing of this reposes on a solid basis, on the real creation or economy of wealth; and it remains to be seen whether the laws by which it is now sought to check the mania of speculation

will bring any effectual remedy for the gigantic and growing evil. — *Examiner.*

From The Spectator, 5 July.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

THE rapid growth and grand destiny of the United States of America have been for years a favorite topic of writers and politicians who for one cause or other are discontented with the institutions and manners of the older countries of Europe. "We air a great nation, we air; and, I calculate we progress at a rate that makes you Europeans sick with envy and despair," is a formula accepted almost as readily at Paris or London, and as devoutly believed, as by the Yankee who gives frequent utterance to it in his improved English. And certainly there is much in the circumstances of the United States that may well cause the statesman and the peasant of Europe to sigh as he thinks on the difference. The one has his taxes to raise, the other has the no less disagreeable task of paying them; the former is always perplexed with the fearful problem of pauperism in the mass, the latter has a constant struggle with the difficulties of poverty. The real problem of European statesmanship has long been, how to make the material condition of the lowest class sufficiently comfortable to allow society as a whole to advance steadily towards its ideal; and the European proletarian finds himself, now that most of his arbitrary fetters have been struck off, as depressed as ever by the necessities of unintermitting labor, and perhaps farther removed from any chances of a brilliant or joyous existence than his progenitors of five centuries back. American statesmen have not yet begun to encounter this primary problem in any appreciable degree of difficulty. A virgin soil everywhere offers abundant resources, upon which population does not even threaten to press; a large family is a fortune to a poor man, and a life of freedom and plenty is open to all who have strength to labor, with industry and frugality to use their opportunities. And the result is a rapidity of increase in the number of the people which only serves more rapidly to develop the marvellous resources of the land, its rich fertility of soil, its magnificent natural water communication, its variety of climate and production, its grand advantages of geographical position. No wonder that both the governing classes of Europe and the most numerous of the classes that make up our social scale should often look with longing eyes across the Atlantic, and that to the latter America should be the land of promise, offering to their imaginations all that is wanting at home to make life delightful, and

to sweeten the toil to which they only object when in excess and without its natural rewards and consolations.

We have been in England long accustomed to qualify the picture by the slight drawback, that not even the boundless resources of the United States sufficed absolutely to prevent the suffering and humiliation of such poverty as arose from the incapacity of individuals; that the great cities of the Union presented that poverty in as squalid and debased a form as our own; and that the evil was on the increase, through the indiscriminate exodus of European paupers irrespective of their moral and physical fitness for the circumstances of the country. We have been long familiar with the fact that the manners and social habits of Americans are not to our taste, and that few persons who could obtain a respectable maintenance in Europe would find the change to the United States a change for the better. It has been known that the political institutions of America have not been favorable to the growth of that true freedom which allows to the individual and to the minority the right of differing from the majority for the time being without repression or offence; that faction has raged with an extreme violence unknown among ourselves; that the personal demeanor of public men has been indecent and outrageous; and that the republic which is founded on an equality of rights cannot tolerate superiority of fortune, of character, or of taste, but resents them as violations of its fundamental principle, and logically excludes their possessors from any practical share of political power. We have seen the safeguards that the wisest statesmen of the Revolution thought necessary, one by one removed, the integrity of the judicial bench endangered in one State after another, the personal honesty of members of Congress and Senators rendered something more than suspicious, solemn Federal compacts set at naught by reckless majorities, and many other symptoms which are discerned in their early stages by acute observers, and have since assumed alarming proportions. All this, however, has been looked upon as the necessary result of the gradual expansion of the territorial sway and of the full development of the political system of the Republic. Hopeful men have watched these symptoms as the growing pains in the limbs of the youth or the mere awkwardness of hobbledehoyhood; and political speculators have been rather interested than anxious, curious to note each new phase of growth with its characteristic birth-throes, never doubting that, whatever the perfect organism might turn out, a true process of growth and transformation was taking place before their eyes, and that Providence was shaping

a mighty people for grand purposes by a discipline necessary to evolve its peculiar powers and aptitudes.

It is in startling contrast with our ordinary train of thought about the United States to hear it even whispered as a possibility, that the race of men which inhabit the country is undergoing a process of physical and moral degeneracy; that the symptoms we have been accustomed to consider as evidences of growth are really proofs of decay; that the people are, like medlars, rotten before they are ripe; and that a premature senility is the true characteristic of the great Anglo-Celtic Republic of the West. That such a theory should have been started, gives one a shock, which does not pass off when the facts upon which it professes to rest are calmly considered. It is said, for instance, that the bulk of Americans live thoroughly unwholesome lives; consuming inordinate quantities of spirituous liquors from youth upward and at all hours of the day, smoking and chewing tobacco to excess, eating greedily and giving themselves no time to digest their food, always in a bustle and excitement, enjoying neither quiet nor rational recreation nor domestic peace. And how few Americans has any Englishman known of whom he could say they were genial or happy! what an anxious, nervous, haggard expression of face, is that by which we instinctively recognize a Yankee everywhere! how completely the manner and countenance and figure of the typical Yankee answer to this account of the usual life of the people! Then their women, so remarkable for delicate beauty of tint and grace of figure in early youth, become prematurely old; and this is attributed, not without rational ground, to their mode of life quite as much as to any peculiarity of their climate. The fact at any rate is unquestionable, that the women of the United States cease to be attractive at the very age when English women attain their highest and most perfect harmony of charms. What if the bad habits of men and women, acting with a climate that tends to exhaust vitality, should really in a few generations have produced a palpable inferiority of physique? The positive assertion of this degeneration would indeed be most unphilosophical on a basis of facts such as are patent to common observation; but that these facts are patent is sufficient to excite the alarm and sharpen the self-watchfulness of all classes of Americans who can look forward to the tremendous consequences of a degradation of the national nerve and muscle through intemperance and bad habits of living.

There are, unfortunately, social and political phenomena characteristic of the United

States, which, when the thoughts are once set on this track, only too plainly lend themselves to the theory that the country is not improving, however unquestionable may be its advance in numbers, in wealth, in territory, and in political influence. The increase of numbers has been attended with the admission of the lowest class to such a preponderance of political power, and their tastes and opinions prevail so much, that the exclusion of the class most distinguished for wealth, for leisure, and such culture as comes from these, is said to be practically complete. A kindred tendency is also asserted to have shown itself of late years in the exclusion even of individuals from popular favor because of their eminent character and talents. However exaggerated such charges may be, the tendency must be somewhat marked to have rendered their assertion and familiar repetition possible. And we know for ourselves, that the vast increase of the United States in wealth and numbers has not been accompanied by the rise of men in art, literature, or learning, who can take rank with the first-class names of Europe in those departments of activity. It would seem as if whatever genius the nation may have had been withdrawn to material pursuits, and all nobler excitements abandoned for the one excitement of making and spending fortunes. It follows as a matter of course, that where fortunes are rapidly made, and rich men are jealously excluded from those spheres of action which employ so much of their energy in Europe, a low mode of expenditure should be common among them; and accordingly, the fashionable classes of American society are now more notorious for their luxury than for their refinement or ambition.

Then who can fail to note as a significant fact, when we are inquiring into the real progress of the American people, that crimes of violence seem to be held compatible with the character of a gentleman? The mere occurrence of such crimes as the late attack on Mr. Sumner would be nothing. Some of our own fast M.P.'s would probably do the like if they were not restrained by fear of the certain consequences. But in America such acts are lauded by the whole of a great political party, if perpetrated upon an opponent. The ready use of bowie-knife and revolver is characteristic of a large section of the citizens of the Union. Such a phenomenon throws us back into a state of society at once more lawless and more cowardly than any period of our own history. We can recall no time when such outrages as are common in those parts of the United States, and especially, it would seem, at Washington, would have been tolerated in England. Evidently, among the lessons the

Americans have forgotten, is the habit of controlling their passions, and of regarding a bully, a ruffian, and a brawler, with instinctive abhorrence.

What, again, can mark political blindness and degeneracy more strongly than a disregard of judicial integrity? To obtain courts of justice free from all extraneous influence, and judges who would administer the law with firmness and independence, has been the continual object of English patriots; and to have succeeded in this object is one of the glories as it is one of the main safeguards of the English nation. But the American democracy, in its eagerness to have all the powers of the state under its own immediate control, has struggled to undermine this safeguard of liberty; and in the large majority of States the judges are elected only for a short time, and chosen by popular suffrage. The omnipotence of the majority is the one principle for which the predominant class in the Union care: and when the principle is fully developed, the most consummate tyranny the world ever saw will be the result.

The facts to which we have thus briefly alluded, — the absorption of the best energies of American society in material pursuits, with a consequent enfeeblement of its purely intellectual faculties; the practical exclusion of the class possessed of wealth and leisure from political influence or any sphere of noble activity; the gradual predominance of the class composed largely of the pauper emigrants of Europe; the depression of all powers in the state that could control even temporarily the will of the majority for the time being; the alarming and disgusting prevalence of crimes of cowardly and ferocious violence, — are symptoms of unsoundness impossible to be overlooked. Might we not indeed assert, especially when we consider the increasing complexity and embarrassment of the Slave question, that of all the progress that the United States has made since it has been an independent nation, its progress towards anarchy has been the most astonishing? Has the nation in fact solved by wisdom and courage any political difficulty? Has it not rather, by the opposite qualities, though placed in circumstances of peculiar advantage, fallen into a state in which friends and foes alike look forward to a dissolution of the confederated States? Comparing it with France or England, can it be said to have shown anything like the same amount of political and social skill in meeting and conquering the difficulties, such as they were, of its position?

It behoves those Americans who love their country to think on these things. Of course such a view of the United States is a very

partial one. The question is, whether it is true as far as it goes; whether a worse state of culture exists in America to-day, in comparison with that of Europe, than did at some earlier period; whether the manners of the people are worse and their morals worse; whether faction is stronger and patriotism weaker; whether a lower class — lower not alone in wealth and knowledge, but in moral tone, in self-restraint, in true courage — rules the policy and shapes the legislation of the country; whether justice is not more uncertain and less cared for, right less respected and outrage more familiar; whether the postponement of self-interest to the interest of the community is not more rare, — whether, in a word, while the country has been growing richer and more populous, it has not lost much of the virtue that made it independent, and descended to a lower stage of organization; whether Americans as men are not worse men than their fathers and grandfathers. For our own parts, we have no doubt that if the evil is to be stemmed — if this great nation is to fulfil the ardent aspirations of its founders and of all lovers of liberty — the wealthy classes must gird themselves up to take that part in political action, whatever be the difficulties they have to encounter, which the wealthy classes amongst ourselves take and ever have taken. We have no notion of the patriotism or virtue which will not put its hand to the wheel for fear of soiling its white gloves. A nobler task cannot be put before the jeunesse dorée of any country than lies before the "upper ten thousand" of the United States. Let them at least try to conquer the dragon before they sit down in despair and see their country sink lower and lower. As a mere excitement, it would be better than the salons of Paris; and surely, to turn the destinies of a great republic, to save it from itself, to make it a nation of men instead of a mob of demagogues and their tools, would be glory and honor enough for the most arduous efforts of self-sacrifice. If not, some Cæsar will know what use to make of demagogues and tools, and faineants too, when the hour strikes.

From *The Economist*, 12 July.

#### ITALIAN DIFFICULTIES.

We have never ceased to draw attention to the condition of Italy, as being, of all countries in Europe, at once the most interesting and the most unhappy. No land has greater resources; no people has greater capabilities; — but the resources and the capabilities are alike neglected or misused. Some of the Peninsular States are governed by tyrants, some by priests, some by for-

eigners; — but, with the single exception of Piedmont, all are governed ill, and all the governors are hated. They have a fine climate and a fertile soil: — the same climate and the same soil that existed when Etruria was a model of early artistic civilization; when Magna Grecia was one of the most populous and flourishing republics of the ancient world; when Rome conquered Carthage and subdued the whole continent of Europe; when Florence was a second Athens in its reputation for arms, statesmanship, and letters; and when Genoa, Pisa, and Venice in turn were the rulers of the sea and the emporia of commerce. Nor have we any reason to believe that the race of Italians have degenerated in modern days. We cannot say that they know not how to govern, with Piedmont before us to confute the slander. We cannot charge them with not knowing how to fight, for we remember how well the Neapolitans fought under Napoleon, and how well the Piedmontese fought in the Crimea. We cannot taunt them with being unable to achieve their own freedom and depose their own tyrants, for it is notorious that the native despots are sustained solely by foreign bayonets. Their case is in all respects one calling for the warmest sympathy from every free people and every humane man, and for any aid which can be rendered consistently with a regard to probabilities of success, to duties at home, and to peace abroad.

Every post from Italy brings tidings of fresh encroachments from without and fresh atrocities within. In an evil hour, the Regent Duchess of Parma, finding or fearing herself unable to maintain her own bad government against the resistance of her injured subjects, begged for Austrian aid. Delighted at the invitation, the Court of Vienna marched a considerable body of troops into the Duchy, who forthwith began to act as masters — to act as they acted in the Danubian Principalities — to act, in short, as it is their nature to act everywhere. They disregarded the existing laws, superseded or snubbed the authorities, imprisoned and punished at discretion, till at length the Regent could tolerate their proceedings no longer, and interfered. She was met by insult and disobedience: and when she appealed to the Emperor of Austria, could obtain only the most partial and scanty redress. Meanwhile the Austrians are pouring in fresh troops daily, only too glad of the opportunity to strengthen their position. The whole of the North-east of Italy, down as far as Ancona, is now in their hands, — and seems likely to remain so.

In Naples, Austrian intervention does not appear: it is exercised, but in secrecy and in reserve. Fresh political trials are going on,

conducted in a way which bids fair to throw into the shade even the infamy of those described by Mr. Gladstone. Priests are menaced, flogged, and tortured in order to extort false evidence. The King — a cruel and inconstant bigot after the fashion of Louis XI., but without any of his talent or sagacity — has quarrelled with, insulted and dismissed the very ministers who were his agents in the condemnation of Poerio and in the massacre of the 15th of May. Even they had become not bad enough or pliant enough to be tools in his new iniquities. The army, which was long the willing instrument of his misdeeds and his oppressions, has been so maltreated and affronted by his police officers and spies, that it has become his bitterest enemy and his most pressing danger. *Espionage* and oppression have got to such a pass that social intercourse may almost be said to have ceased. If two or three friends are seen at a *café* to read even the wretched Government journal with the air of too intense an interest, they are marched off to prison for four or five days as a warning. No man may have as many as three gentlemen to dine with him without the previous permission of the authorities. If a lady of rank or fashion wishes to give a ball or an "At Home," she is required to inform the police, who send a number of spies in plain clothes to mingle with the guests and betray them, if occasion serves, by perjury or delation. So universal is the discontent that a military revolution would take place to-morrow but for the certainty that such an event would lead to an instant Austrian "occupation," — an occurrence which is more dreaded by the people than even the existing state of things, — and of the imminence of which Austria has made no secret.

Of Sicily and of Rome, we need not speak. Their position is almost as deplorable. The two points to which we are anxious to direct attention are these: — that this state of things cannot be made to cease except by the intervention of England and France, — and that if they should once agree upon the act and the terms of intervention, it would cease to-morrow. Austria could not resist for an hour compliance with their will, if that will were once resolutely formed and plainly expressed. Russia would be only too happy to let Austria sue for her aid or mediation in vain. But neither England nor France can interfere with any authority or benefit unless they previously come to a cordial and sincere and thorough understanding between themselves as to what is to be done, and what is to be the mode and what the time of doing it. We cannot, however, see any insuperable or even very serious obstacles in the way of such mutual understanding. Eng-

land has no personal objects at all to gain: she wishes only to right great wrongs and to end great sorrows, — to remove a source of perpetual disturbance, and to raise an outraged people into prosperity and peace. In addition to this she naturally feels a vivid sympathy for a constitution so like her own as is that of Piedmont and a warm interest in its success. France, as naturally, does not, *at present*, share this latter sentiment; but there is nothing in the conduct or attitude of Piedmont to give her umbrage; and even Louis Napoleon must look with more complacency upon the wise and prosperous *regime* of Turin than upon the coarse and clumsy despotism of Rome or Naples. There is one arrangement, however, which France desires just as earnestly as England desires the establishment and spread in Italy of constitutional rule — viz., the *possession of Savoy*. The Savoyards themselves would like the transfer: the Court of Sardinia is understood to have no insurmountable objection to it, if compensation be granted in another quarter; the change would greatly improve the frontier lines both of France and Piedmont; and we do not see what interest this country could have in raising any objection. Let France, then, have Savoy; let her join England in guaranteeing the safety of Piedmont, in peremptorily forbidding Austrian intervention in the internal affairs of any Italian State on any pretext whatever, and in promoting that "retirement by purchase" of Austria from the entire Peninsula which we advocated in a recent number, and which, we have reason to know, found favor in many competent and interested quarters. Let rulers and subjects then be left to settle their disputes among themselves; or if they cannot do this without civil war, let them if they please call in umpires to decide between them; — but umpires who shall award equal justice, not to be expected, as now, merely to uphold existing enormities. But we have no belief that any such arbitration would be needed: Austrian support once prohibited and prevented, every State in Italy would obtain freedom and self-government in some shape before the month was out, — and most of them, probably, peacefully and as a matter of course. There need be no bloodshed, because there could be no resistance. The external prop withdrawn — the artificial system it sustains falls to the ground *per se*.

The question which Lord John Russell proposed to have put to Lord Palmerston last night, respecting the correspondence on Italian matters which has recently been carried on, would probably, by itself and the answer it elicited, have given us some insight into the opinions and designs of these

two statesmen. It has, however, been postponed till Monday, and we must wait till then for any further enlightenment. Meanwhile we rejoice to find from an official statement in the *Moniteur*, that the story of an intended meeting between the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria, which has been so widely and confidently promulgated, is wholly without foundation. Louis Napoleon has acted with unflinching loyalty towards England in all his previous transactions, and we are satisfied he will do nothing now to forfeit the high character he has thus won. We are sure that it is with England, and not with Austria, that he will take counsel on Italian matters.

Mr. BUCHANAN has replied to the address of his Democratic supporters. His address contrasts favorably with some exhibitions in our Legislature. It is moderate and statesmanlike. He altogether deprecates the supposition of war, though he admits that the possibility of it in the background should not quite be lost sight of. He says:

"Should I be placed in the Executive chair, I shall use my best exertions to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations, believing this to be our highest policy as well as our most imperative duty; but at the same time I shall never forget, that in case the necessity arise, which I do not now apprehend, our national rights and national honor must be preserved at all hazards and at any sacrifice."

We imagine there can be no doubt of his election. The Government of this country will find in him a firm supporter of the rights and dignity of the United States, but not, we apprehend, a factious opponent. We do not hear anything further on the Central American question. The key to its settlement is the frank recognition on both sides of the principle of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty, with such arrangements as may be required to give that treaty full effect. The relations between the two countries will rapidly improve, from the moment when it is understood that this country has no desire or thought to check the natural progress of the United States' power on the American continent. — *The Press*, 12 July.

COLONEL FREMONT. — The Republican party in the United States has, with a considerable number of Wtfigs, united in supporting, as candidate for the Presidency, Colonel Fremont, and for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Dayton. The former is well known in Europe as the skilful and dauntless explorer of the mountain districts between the old dominions of the States on the Atlantic and the new dominion on the

Pacific. He is yet a young man, not more than forty-three years of age, and no one so young has ever before been put in nomination for this high office. He was in the military service of the States, but has left it and settled in California, where he has acquired large landed possessions. In his new home he has been a politician, having contributed much to the settlement of its constitution, and been elected to represent it in the Senate at Washington. Otherwise he has not been engaged in politics, and it seems a recommendation to him, that he is not one of the many numerous adventurers who in the States make politics their profession. He has acquired his reputation by

his great boldness and his great resources in the face of difficulties. He has won, also, to an extraordinary degree, the confidence of all who have been in communication with him, who have assisted in his labors, and who have served under his command. Though born of a French family in South Carolina, he is heartily opposed to the aggressions of the Slave States and to slavery as an institution, and has the great merit, in the present dispersion of parties and divisions of opinion in the States, of uniting in his favor the vast majority of the extreme or Republican party and a great many Whigs. — *Economist*.

From Notes and Queries.

#### NOTES FROM NEWSPAPERS.

It is amusing to hear George I. holding out serious hopes of paying off the National Debt. He thus replies to Parliament (April, 1728):

"The provision made for gradually discharging the National Debt is now become so certain and considerable, that nothing but some unforeseen event can alter or diminish it; which gives us the fairest prospect of seeing the old debts discharged without any necessity of incurring new ones." — *Flying Post*, April 11, 1728.

Here is a contribution to the collectors of stage coach advertisements:

"A very good coach and six able horses sets out from the Coach and Six Horses in Wood Street, on Thursday next, the 25th instant, for Bath. Any persons that have occasion to go thither, or to any part on that road, shall be handsomely accommodated by me,

JOHN TEA."

— *Daily Courant*, April 19, 1728.

John Tea's "coach and six able horses," however, had not sufficient attractions for the Princess Amelia, who prefers going to Bath in a "chair and eight men:"

"On Saturday the Princess Amelia set out for the Bath, whither her Highness is to be carry'd in a sedan chair by eight chairmen, to be relieved in their turns, a coach and six horses attending to carry the chairmen when not on service. Her Highness dined the same evening at Hampton Court, being accompany'd by the Princess Royal and the Princess Carolina. Sunday morning her Highness set out thence for Windsor, where she was to be entertained in the evening; and yesterday morning proceeded to Dr. Freind's house near Reading, in Berkshire. A party of the Horse Guards escorted her High-

ness to Hampton Court, relieved next day by a party of the Blue Guards, &c." — *Postboy*, April 13, 1728.

This whimsical journey, commenced on April 13th, terminated on April 19th.

Mr. Tea was not, it appears, without competitors:

"If any persons has [*sic*] occasion to go to Bath, they may be carried in a handsome easy coach, which sets out on Saturday next, the 27th instant, at a reasonable rate, by Richard Maddock, in Bull Yard, near Aldersgate Bars." — *Daily Courant*, April 25, 1728.

The following is the advertisement of the poem that drove Mrs. Colonel Brett from Bath:

"This day is published.

† † † The Bastard, a Poem. Inscribed, with all due reverence, to Mrs. Bret, once Countess of Macclesfield. By Richard Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers.

'Decet hac dare dona Novercam.' — *Ov. Met.*

Printed for T. Worrall, at the Judge's Head, over against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; sold by Mr. Graves and Mr. Jackson, near S. James' House, the Booksellers in Westminster Hall, and Mrs. Nutt under the Royal Exchange; price 6d." — *Post Boy*, April 30, 1728.

The transfer of the provinces of North and South Carolina to the Crown is thus laconically announced:

"We hear for certain that a treaty is concluded between the Government and the Lords Proprietors of North and South Carolina, touching the purchase of the same by his Majesty, and that an order is issued to the Treasury for payment of the purchase money." — *Postman*, May 2, 1728.